THE ZODIAC.

DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

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THE GOOD SHIP ZODIAC.

A year ago! a year ago!
We push'd our barque from shore;
An unknown sea around us spread,
We heard the breakers roar;
And yet we fear'd not, for our hopes,
Our purpose—all were high—
We shrunk not from our post, but still
We kept the helm hard by.
And on she steer'd thro' every "sign,"
Through every season true,
And many an eye grew bright, whene'er
"The Zodiac" met the view.
She touch'd at many a port the while,
Her cargo to unlade,
And in return the meed of praise,
Nor this alone, was paid.

Her voyage was o'er—and proudly then
She sought the welcome shore;
Refitted now, she anchor weighs
And puts to sea once more.

But what this change!—a foreign flag
Is floating at mast head,
And yet 'tis reaching forth, as if
The stripes and stars to wed.
'Tis even so!—a stranger sought
Our free and happy land,
And now with ready hand and heart,
He joins the Zodiac's band.
Nor think the former *master* dreams
Of "giving up the ship,"
No! for he hopes to make in her,
Each year a *circuit trip!*

Our blended flag now proudly waves,
We may no longer stay,
But with your leave, each month we'll meet,
And now, away! away!

ODE.

Freemen, awake with rosy light;
Let every voice in song unite,
And raise a glad triumphant lay,
To welcome Freedom's natal day.

Swell, swell the anthem loud and high,
Re-echoing through the vaulted sky;
Through Heaven's high arches let it sound,
And back to Earth again rebound.

Join, join the chorus, all rejoice,
Each Freeman now will raise his voice,
And every sound of Earth and Sea,
Repeat the praise of LIBERTY!

"Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unsinews labor. The swinkt mower sleeps:
The wearied maid rakes feebly: the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctant: the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow encumbered wain in midday heat."

The Zodiacal sign of Leo lies between 115° and 140° of the Equator, and 10° and 35° on the meridian. It is said to represent the Nemean lion slain by Hercules, and the character ♌, represents the lash of his tail.

This is the hottest month of the year. The mean temperature of the month at Albany, as deduced from the observations of twenty years, is 72°742. The highest observed temperature was 100° and the lowest 50°. Giving the extreme monthly range 50°.—The average amount of rain falling during the month, is 4.547 inches.

TO OUR READERS.

Notwithstanding the predictions of many who would be unwilling to be considered other than our very good friends, the Zodiac now embraces the whole twelve signs. We have gone through them all, from Leo to Cancer, although contending with the usual difficulties attending the commencement of a new periodical, which have so frequently proved insurmountable. That we have well chosen in our attempt to distinguish it from other periodicals, by appropriating so large a portion of its columns to articles of an elevated character and enduring interest, is shown to our complete satisfaction by our very extensive and constantly increasing circulation. We were aware that in attempting this we should deprive ourselves of the subscriptions of many who regard nothing beyond the amusement of the passing moment, but we thought—and the event has shewn—correctly, that we should secure a larger and more extensive support, at the same time that we should in some degree contribute to the efforts which are making throughout our country to elevate by enlightening it.

We may be permitted to point to the volume just completed, as containing as great an amount of interesting and instructive matter as is to be obtained anywhere at a similar price. For one dollar we have given what if published in the ordinary octavo form, would have formed two volumes of upwards of 400 pages each.

As to the future we know not that we need to promise any additional improvements beyond those which will necessarily follow increased experience, and the means afforded by enlarged circulation. The general features of the paper will remain unaltered.

The brief space which has elapsed since the communications for the Prizes were placed in the hands of the committee, has not allowed them to bestow the examination necessary to a correct award. And we are thus deprived of the pleasure which we had anticipated of giving the Tale in the pages of the present number. It will probably appear in our next, and will be followed at as early a day as possible, by the Prize Poem and Prize Essay.

The delay in the appearance of our twelfth number has occasioned us much mortification, but the rapidity with which it is followed by this, will, we trust, be looked upon as an earnest of our intention not to permit its recurrence.

(For the Zodiac.)

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Responsibility arises from obligation. Obligation is one of those relations which, like equality and proportion, may be understood by every rational mind, but can be accurately defined by none. Of the existence of responsibility every one must be conscious. Whether the principle which constitutes this consciousness be natural or acquired, is no part of our present object to inquire, since it is conceded by all that experience and observation prove its existence—that, either resulting from nature or education, every individual who arrives at adult age feels that there are certain things which he ought to do, and certain other things which he ought to refrain from doing; certain courses of conduct which he, as an individual, is bound to pursue, and certain other courses which he is bound to avoid.

Responsibility is varied by the relative situations

in which men are placed. There are responsibilities which every man owes to himself, personal obligations which in most instances form the basis of all other responsibilities. There are responsibilities arising from the domestic and social compact. As a member of a civil community each individual sustains a certain class of obligations, and his relation to the common family of man, as a subject of divine government, imposes still another class.

In considering some of these responsibilities let us first attend to those which are personal in their nature and application. Under this head we remark, that man is responsible for the opinions he adopts—the habits he forms—the dispositions he cultivates—the affections he cherishes—the motives by which he is actuated—the passions by which he is governed—the character he sustains, and the influence he exerts.

I am aware that it has been said that a man's opinions are not at his own disposal, that he is not responsible for his belief, that in forming an opinion upon any given subject he is influenced alone by the circumstances of the case while his own will is left out of the question. This in the abstract is true, for when a certain degree of evidence is brought to bear upon the mind in favor of any point, the man is forced to believe that point whether he will to do so or not; the judgment alone is consulted in the case. Every day's experience proves this. Suppose a mean action is laid to the charge of my very dear friend. I deny the charge. Evidence is brought sufficient to prove him guilty. Now, though my will may oppose the admission of the evidence ever so much—though emotion and affection may come in to its aid, the charge admits no denial; I must believe it not only without the assent of my will, but in direct opposition to it.

But though in an abstract sense man is not responsible for his belief, in the practical application of the subject this doctrine appears fallacious and dangerous. To prove this we need only to refer to the fact, that circumstances often bias the judgment and influence its decisions. A man is censured for believing error, not because he is obliged to believe just as he does and has no power to alter his opinions, but because he allows inclination to bias his judgment, and neglects to attend to the evidence in support of truth. In forming an opinion he is just as much bound to consider the right and wrong of the thing, and found that opinion upon the principles of right, as in performing any action he is bound to act right. If no responsibility exists in the one case there is none in the other. One may form a system of action upon the slightest grounds without ever taking into consideration the true principles of moral rectitude, and conform his life to this false system, and yet be unblamable, if in a practical sense man is not responsible for his opinions and belief. That man is responsible for the habits he forms is undeniable. Wisely has it been said that he is the creature of habit. It governs his life. To it may be traced many of his pleasures.—Habits contracted in childhood are never entirely eradicated; by many of them future life is actuated. For the formation of these, doubtless the parent or guardian is equally responsible with the child; for their permanence, however, the child is alone responsible The difficulty of subduing long-cherished habits of a vicious nature destroys not their criminality. Though an individual may be unconscious of wrong motive in an action from the power of continued habit, it does not follow that the action is therefore justifiable. He is culpable not in the single act merely, but in the continuance of a course of wrong action. Habits are not arbitrary systems and premeditated plans; often do they steal upon us insensibly. A certain action is performed; it is repeated, and before we are aware, an increased facility for its performance is acquired. Peculiarly is this true of immoral and vicious habits — The degraded being who died in our streets of delirium tremens did not, on first tasting the poisoned draught, sit down and with cool deliberation mark out the steps of his path from respectability to degradation—from peace and happiness to misery and woe. Nor did the criminal who ended his days upon the gallows calculate the intermediate time between his first act of larceny and the day of his execution.

CITHERA.

(To be continued.)

(For the Zodiac.)

(From the French of Béranger.)

LES ETOILES QUI FILENT.

Shepherd, 'tis said, each has his star,
That rules his fate and shines on high:
Yes, my child: but distant far,
Clouds veil it oft from human eye.
Shepherd, 'tis thought that your pursuits
Have taught you how to read these spheres:
What means that star that quickly shoots
Across the sky and disappears?

My child, a mortal now expires:
And at the instant falls his star.
Among his friends whom joy inspires
He drank, and sang to his guitar.
Happy, he sleeps mid wine and fruits,
Of which he sung for many years . . . .
Again, behold a star that shoots
Across the sky and disappears.

My child, how pure and beautiful!
It was the star of youthful maid,
A daughter kind and dutiful,
For whom the nuptial wreath they braid—
Already sound the bridal flutes,
And Hymen's altar deck'd appears . . . .
Again, behold a star that shoots
Across the sky and disappears.

My child, it is the planet swift
Of a high Prince now newly born:
The cradle which he vacant left,
Purple and gold and gems adorn—
The flattery which a court pollutes
Would soon have filled his infant ears . . . .
Again, behold a star that shoots
Across the sky and disappears.

My child, its gleam is sinister!
It was a favorite's natal star,
Who deemed himself a minister
When he a Nation's weal could mar—
The servile crowd that constitutes
A minion's train, have shed no tears . . . .
Again, behold a star that shoots
Across the sky and disappears.

My child, uncheck'd be now our tears!
The poor have lost their strongest shield:
From some, they glean the scattered ears,
But welcome reaped his richest field.
Secure this night from Care's pursuits
His roof for crowds a shelter rears . . . .
Again, behold a star that shoots
Across the sky and disappears.

My child, 'tis that of powerful king! . . .
Now go, but keep thy truth from stain;
And may thy planet never bring
Thee, rank with all its splendor vain.
So live, that when Death executes
The stern decree, and ends your years,
None say—'tis but a star that shoots
Across the sky and disappears.

L.

We commence in the present number the publication of the following translation, which has been made, as well on account of the intrinsic value of the work itself, as because no English work on the subject equally comprehensive and concise, was known to the translator.

ELEMENTS OF METEOROLOGY.

BY M. POUILLET,

Professor of Natural Philosophy, in the faculty of sciences of the University of Paris, and in the Polytechnic School, &c., &c., &c.

PREFACE.

Formerly all the phenomena, which are occasionally seen in the air, were called *meteors*. Thus the *rainbow* and *false suns* were *luminous meteors; water spouts and hurricanes, aerial meteors: extraordinary rains, aqueous meteors: shooting stars, balls of fire and lightning, fiery meteors*, &c. The appearance of such meteors in the midst of the atmosphere, originally excited as much alarm, as did the appearance of comets in the heavens. But in the course of time, the terrors of imagination gave way before the spirit of observation, and soon hidden causes, banished from the heavens and the earth, carried with them their wonderful effects, prodigies and menacing presages.

Then began the true study of meteors. The Barometer invented by Galileo and Toricelli, by measuring the pressure of the atmosphere, showed as well its limits as the extent of the variations which it experiences in the midst of the violent agitations of storms. The thermometer subjected by Reaumur to a constant and uniform graduation, was carried into the different climates of the two worlds; intrepid travellers observed it on the highest mountains of the globe, and in regions above the clouds, and the existence of sulphurous or inflammable vapors, which had performed so distinguished a part in the atmosphere was at first rendered doubtful, and soon abandoned as an unfounded hypothesis. The rainbow, parhelions and false suns were referred to the ordinary laws of optics by Descartes, Newton and Huyghens. Franklin discovered the cause of the lightning, and from that time the thunder-bolt, obedient to the laws of science, descended peaceably from the storm cloud into the laboratory of the philosopher, to be there subjected to experiment.

After this discovery, the *tongues of fire*, which at times appear on the masts and cordage of vessels, and other similar fires known under a great variety of names, which had been observed by the ancients, on the tops of buildings, and even on the pikes of soldiers, and which had more than once affrighted Roman legions, might be studied with interest as simple electrical displays.

It is in this manner that the knowledge of meteors has gradually entered into the domain of Physics, and has become one of its most important applications.

At present, Meteorology, has for its object not only the observation of the occasional phenomena formerly known by the name of meteors, it embraces in their whole extent, all the atmospherical and terrestial phenomena, occasional or permanent, which are occasioned by the action of caloric, electricity, magnetism or light. It is a study as immense in its extent as in its results. It is in effect engaged in determining over the whole globe, on

continents, and the moveable masses of water and air, the different and unceasingly changing influences of the four great natural agents above mentioned.

Of heat, we must determine the laws of its variation on the surface of the earth, according to the day and period of the season, from the torrid zone to the icy regions of the poles; we must ascertain its distribution in the regions of the atmosphere, in the masses of water which spread over the globe, and in the different strata to the lowest depth that man has ever sounded; we must ascertain the influence of this cause so universal and so powerful, in the formation of vapor and fog, in the elevation and suspension of clouds, in rain, snow and dew; in fine we must measure, if possible, the quantity of heat given to the earth by the sun, in order to trace out the different states of heat or cold through which the earth has passed.

Of light, we must ascertain how much the heavenly bodies are displaced by atmospheric refraction, and correct this species of invincible illusion which causes us to see them far from their real position, at distances which vary according to their apparent elevation, the hour of the day or night, and the thermometric state of the different strata of the atmosphere; we must search out the causes which give to the vault of heaven its form and color, those also which give such varied aspects to the waters of seas and lakes; we must explain the twinkling of the stars, the red color which at times overspreads the disks of the sun and stars; in fine, we must explain the mirage, the fata morgana, and in one word all the appearances so highly multiplied, that celestial and terrestrial objects present, when seen through beds or strata of the atmosphere more or less pure, or through the more or less limpid beds or strata of the great masses of water which environ the globe.

Of electricity, we must verify the electrical state of the air under a serene sky, and ascertain how it varies with the elevation, with the dryness or moisture, and in torrid, temperate or frigid climes, we must discover the same elements when the sky is clouded over, in calm and stormy weather; we must observe all the circumstances of storms, and of the flashes of lightning, whether it shoots along the sky or strikes terrestial objects; we must explain the conditions under which lightning rods are efficacious or dangerous; we must trace out the numerous atmospherical phenomena which arise from electricity; in fine, we must strive to discover the very source which incessantly reproduces the electric fluid, which is continually destroying or reproducing itself during storms.

Of magnetism, we must determine at a given moment the direction of the needles of inclination and declination in the two hemispheres, the position of the magnetic equator, that of the lines without declination, the magnetic poles themselves, and all the laws according to which the magnetic intensity is destributed at different points on continents and seas. In fine, all these elements having no fixity but for one epoch or instant, we must discover the complicated laws according to which they change with time, and the primary or secondary causes of these changes which appear to us at the same time so extraordinary and so difficult to explain in their intensity and origin.

Other phenomena still more complicated enter into the domain of meteorology: such are those which are connected with atmospheric pressure, as the accidental or periodical movements of the barometric column, winds, water spouts and hurricanes, the fall of aerolites, or other meteoric substances: such are those also which are connected with the equilibrium, movement and pressure of water, such as tides and eddies, the height and rapidity of waves, cold and hot springs, spouting fountains, and in short, every eruption which appears on different points of the earth, from the gaseous jets of Barigazo to the torrents of lava which overwhelm cities and provinces.

Such are the great problems with which meteorology is occupied: we do not design to discuss them in all their details in a work like the present, which should be elementary and concise, but we shall examine all the essential points.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Perry—

The following poem, was extensively circulated a few years since in manuscript, but has never to my knowledge appeared in print. It was written by a young lady of a neighboring state as a school exercise, and I cannot but believe that your readers will agree with me in considering it as well worthy of a place in the columns of the Zodiac.

R.

Suggested by a picture of Byron sleeping among the ruins of Greece.

I.

On that sweet shore the blue Ægean laves,
Where loveliness is wedded to decay,
Beauty to desolation,—'mid the graves
Of her immortal dead, and ruins gray
With the dim veil of years—a sleeper lay:
And in his dream Time's never ebbing tide
Rolled back, and bore him to that earlier day
When Greece was decked in beauty like a bride,
Glory around her path, and freedom by her side.

II.

Against the radiance of her azure sky
Rose many a pillared fane, divinely wrought,
Whose marble forms defied Mortality!
Where pale Philosophy, unveiled and taught
Her mystic lore, and waged her war of thought,
And all her bright but baseless visions wove,
And never-dying Art her treasures brought;
He saw Appelles' glowing canvas move,
And at Pygmalion's prayer the statue wake to love.

III.

Then came her bards, her orators and sages,
Once more he heard the voices that had rung
Down through the vista of succeeding ages:
The "blind old man of Scio's isle" there strung
His matchless lyre, and breathed his earliest song;
And now, Demosthenes before him stood,
Pouring his tide of eloquence, that strong,
Deep, and o'erwhelming, swayed the multitude
As the invisible wind sways the wild ocean's flood.

IV.

Armed warriors too, were there, their helmets gleaming
On deathless Marathon's green, sea girt plain,
That now with Persia's choicest blood was streaming;
Thermopyle's "three hundred" fought again,
Again its pass is piled with countless slain
Of her invading host,—as on that day
When Sparta's bravest sons had vowed to drain
Their heart's best blood for Greece; there as he lay
These glorious visions passed in beautiful array.

V.

The dreamer woke! He rested there, alone,
By that high temple whence had Pallas fled;
Where once, she lingered, now the Crescent shone,
And round him wandered many a turban'd head,
Treading in mockery on the immortal dead:
And kindly Nature there, as if to screen
The nakedness of ruin, had outspread
Her gayest flowers to deck her saddest scene,
And hung, o'er mouldering walls, her tapestry of green.

VI.

And many a Grecian—slave to Turkish foe—
In hopeless bondage, bowed the unwilling knee,
And (all too weak to strike the avenging blow
To rend the galling chains of slavery,
And write their names once more among the free,
But humbled in despair,) unmoved, behold
Their shrines defaced, their Altars borne away
By every plunderer,—even the hallowed mould
Of Marathon itself, basely exchanged for *Gold!*

VII.

And as he mused on her departed worth,
By her fall'n columns, and her ruined fanes,
That none were there to lead her children forth,
To strike with them, and break their servile chains,
Or with their blood to wash away the stains
That her great name, on Freedom's record, dyed,
He touched his harp, till with th' enchanting strain
The world was hushed to hear,—and then, aside,
Bade Poesy retire, and made sad Greece his bride!

VIII.

A fitting bride for one like him who stood
On that high steep, where few had dared their flight,
Against whose name Time's all-resistless flood
Shall dash in vain: who through decay, and blight,
And desolation, dazzled with the light
That fast consumed him, when he stood on high,
Like a lone star on the dark brow of night.
——— He sleeps upon that shore! A Grecian sky
For a high soul like his, were fitting canopy!

IX.

Rest warrior bard! above thy head shall bloom
The greenest laurel of Peneus' tide:
Genius shall come a Pilgrim to thy tomb:
And for her champion, freedom turn aside
To weep the tears she cannot hide:
And thy young hand-maid Poesy, shall shed
Her brightest halo o'er thee:—Greece, thy bride
Shall give to thee—and oh! can more be said?
A name to live with *hers*, a home among *her dead.*

(For the Zodiac.)

From the German of Wieland.

The inhabitants of Abdera were never in want of witty sallies; but these sallies never were made in season, as they were produced or only first came when the occasion had passed. They talked a great deal, but always without taking a moment's thought as to what they should say, or how they should say it. The natural consequence was, that they seldom opened their mouth, without saying something silly. Unfortunately this bad habit extended itself to their actions, for generally they for the first time closed the cage when the bird had flown away.—This exposed them to the reproach of inconsiderateness: but events proved, that affairs went no better when they considered. Did they (which very often happened) any thing very absurd? It always followed their desire to do it much better than was necessary; and when they held long and serious consultations about the affairs of their commonwealth, it might with certainty be predicted, that among all possible resolutions they would choose the worst.

At one time it occurred to them, that a city like Abdera, ought properly to possess a beautiful fountain. It was to be placed in the middle of their

large market square, and a tax was levied to defray the expense of it. They sent for a celebrated sculptor from Athens, to prepare a group of statues, representing the god of the seas, in his chariot, drawn by four sea-horses, surrounded by nymphs, tritons and dolphins. The sea-horses and dolphins were to spout forth the water from their nostrils. But when all was finished, they discovered that there was hardly water enough to moisten the nostrils of a single Dolphin: and on attempting to make it play, it seemed as if all the sea-horses and dolphins had the catarrh. To prevent themselves from becoming the public laughing stock, they removed the whole group into the public store-house, and as often as the superintendent exhibited it to a stranger, he lamented most grievously, in the name of the worthy city of Abdera, that so glorious a specimen of Art was rendered useless by the niggardliness of Nature.

On another occasion, they purchased a very beautiful statue of Venus in ivory, which was considered the master piece of Praxiteles. It was about five feet high, and was intended to be placed on an altar of the goddess of love. When it arrived, all Abdera fell into ectasy about the beauty of their Venus: for the Abderites gave themselves out as connoiseurs and enthusiastic admirers of Art. She is too beautiful, they cried with one voice, to stand low. A masterpiece which confers so much honor on the city and has cost so much, cannot be placed too high; it must be the first thing that strikes the eyes of strangers on entering Abdera. This happy thought was followed, by their placing the beautiful little statue on an obelisk of eighty feet in height: and although it was thus rendered impossible, to recognize what it was, they compelled every stranger to acknowledge, that no one could see any thing more perfect. S. E.

EXTEMPORE LINES TO AMERICA.

BY AN EMIGRANT.

I.

Hail to thee, land of the mighty,
All hail to thy mountains and thee,
I have longed to partake of thy freedom,
To join in the songs of the free.

II.

All hail to thy woods and thy rivers,
Thy rocks and thy deserts all hail—
For here the proud tyrant shall tremble,
And here the proud despot shall quail.

III.

Hurra, mighty land, for thy freedom—
What heart could be mournful with thee?
Hurra, mighty land, for thy freedom—
Oh, who would not fight for the free?

IV.

Hurra, mighty land, for thy freedom,
Let liberty shield thee from wrong;
Hurra, mighty land, for thy freedom,
Long may'st thou in freedom be strong.

V.

Hurra, mighty land, for thy freedom,
Thy beauty, thy virtue, and thee;
Hurra, mighty land, for thy freedom—
Oh, who would not die with the free?

FLIGGBERTON.

THE ATHEIST'S DREAM.

(From the German of Richter.)

The purpose of this fiction is the excuse of its boldness. Men deny the Divine existence with as little feeling as the most assert it. Even in our true systems we go on collecting mere words, playmarks, and medals, as misers do coins—and not till late do we transform the words into feelings, the coins into enjoyments. A man may, for twenty years, believe the immortality of the soul—in the one-and-twentieth, in some great moment, he for the first time discovers with amazement, the rich meaning of this belief, the warmth of this Naphthawell.

Of such sort, too, was my terror, at the poisonous stifling vapour which floats out round the heart of him who for the first time enters the school of atheism. I could with less pain deny immortality, than deity; there I should lose but a world covered with mists, here I should lose the present world, namely, the sun thereof: the whole spiritual universe is dashed asunder by the hand of Atheism into numberless quicksilver-points of *Me's*, which glitter, run, waver, fly together or asunder, without unity or continuance. No one in creation is so alone, as the denier of God; he mourns, with an orphaned heart that has lost its great Father, by the corpse of Nature, which no world-spirit moves and holds together, and which grows in its grave; and he mourns by that corpse till he himself crumble off from it. The whole world lies before him, like the Egyptian Sphinx of stone, half-buried in the sand; and the All is the cold iron mask of a formless Eternity. * * *

I merely remark farther, that with the belief of Atheism, the belief of immortality is quite compatible; for the same Necessity, which in this Life threw my light dew-drop of a *Me* into a flower-bell and—under a Sun, can repeat that process in a second life;—nay, more easily embody me—the second time—than the first.

—

If we hear, in childhood, that the dead, about midnight, when our *sleep reaches near the soul*, and darkens even our dreams, awake out of theirs, and in the church mimic the worship of the living, we shudder at Death by reason of the dead, and in the night solitude turn away our eyes from the long silent windows of the church, and fear to search in their gleaming, whether it proceed from the moon.

Childhood, and rather its terrors than its raptures, take wings and radiance again in dreams, and sport like fire-flies in the little night of the soul. Crush not these flickering sparks!—Leave us even our dark painful dreams as higher half-shadows of reality! And wherewith will you replace to us *those* dreams, which bear us away from under the tumult of the waterfall into the still heights of childhood, where the stream of life yet ran silent in its little plain, and flowed towords its abysses, a mirror of the Heaven?

I was lying once, on a summer-evening, in the sunshine; and I fell asleep. Methought I awoke in the Churchyard. The downrolling wheels of the steeple-clock, which was striking eleven, had awoke me. In the emptied night-heaven I looked for the Sun; for I thought an eclipse was veiling him with the Moon. All the Graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swinging to and fro by invisible hands. On the walls, flitted shadows, which proceeded from no one, and other shadows stretched upwards in the pale air.—In the open coffins none now lay sleeping, but the Children. Over the whole heaven hung, in large folds, a grey sultry mist, which a giant shadow like vapour was drawing down, nearer, closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; under me the first step of a boundless earthquake. The church wavered up and down with two interminable Dissonances, which struggled with each other in it; endeavoring in vain to mingle in unison. At times a grey glimmer hovered along the windows, and under it the lead and iron fell down molten. The net of the mist, and the tottering earth brought me into that hideous temple; at the door of which, in two poison bushes, two glittering basilisks lay brooding. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed. All the Shadows were standing round the empty Altar; and in all, not the heart, but the breast quivered and pulsed. One dead man only, who had just been buried there, still lay on his coffin without quivering breast; and on his smiling countenance, stood a happy dream. But at the entrance of one living, he awoke, and smiled no longer; he lifted his heavy eyelids, but within was no eye; and in his beating breast there lay, instead of a heart, a wound. He held up his hands, and folded them to pray; but the arms lengthened out, and dissolved; and the hands, still folded together, fell away. Above, on the church-dome, stood the dial-plate of *Eternity*, whereon no number appeared, and which was its own index: but a black finger pointed thereon, and the dead sought to see the time by it.

Now sank from aloft a noble, high Form, with a look of uneffaceable sorrow, down to the Altar, and all the dead cried out, "Christ! is there no God?" He answered, "There is none!" The whole shadow of each then shuddered, not the breast alone; and one after the other, all, in this shuddering, shook into pieces.

Christ continued: "I went through the Worlds, I mounted into the Suns, and flew with the Galaxies through the wastes of Heaven; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being casts its shadow, and looked down into the abyss and cried, 'Father, where art thou?' But I heard only the everlasting storm which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation hung without a Sun that made it, over the abyss, and trickled down. And when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine *Eye*, it glared on me with an empty, black, bottomless *Eye-socket;* and Eternity lay upon Chaos, eating it and ruminating it. Cry on, ye Dissonances; cry away the Shadows, for He is not!"

The pale-grown Shadows flitted away, as white vapour which frost has formed with the warm breath disappears; and all was void. O, then came, fearful for the heart, the dead Children who had been awakened in the Churchyard, into the Temple, and cast themselves before the high Form on the Altar, and said, "Jesus, have we no Father?" And he answered, with streaming tears, "We are all orphans, I and you; we are without Father!"

Then shrieked the Dissonances still louder—the quivering walls of the Temple parted asunder; and the Temple and the Children sank down, and the whole Earth and the Sun sank after it, and the whole Universe sank with its immensity before us;—and above on the summit of immeasurable Nature, stood Christ, and gazed down into the Universe chequered with its thousand Suns, as into the Mine bored out of the Eternal Night, in which the Suns run like mine-lamps, and the Galaxies like silver veins.

And as he saw the grinding press of Worlds, the torch-dance of celestial wildfires, and the coral-banks of beating hearts; and as he saw how world after world shook off its glimmering souls upon the Sea of Death, as a water-bubble scatters swimming lights on the waves, then majestic as the Highest of the Finite, he raised his eyes towards the Nothingness, and towards the void Immensity, and said: "Dead, dumb Nothingness! Cold, everlasting Necessity! Frantic Chance! Know ye what this is that lies beneath you? When will ye crush the Universe in pieces, and me? Chance, knowest thou what thou doest, when with thy hurricanes thou walkest through that snow-powder of Stars, and extinguishest Sun after Sun, and that sparkling dew of heavenly lights goes out, as thou passest over it? How is each so solitary in this wide grave of the All! I am alone with myself! O Father, O Father! where is thy infinite bosom that I might rest on it? Ah, if each soul is its own father and creator, why can it not be its own destroyer too?

"Is this beside me yet a Man? Unhappy one! Your little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo; a convex-mirror throws its rays into that dust-cloud of dead men's ashes, down on the Earth; and thus you, cloud-formed wavering phantasms, arise. Look down into the Abyss, over which clouds of ashes are moving; mists full of Worlds reek up from the Sea of Death; the *Future* is a mounting mist, and the *Present* is a falling one.—Knowest thou thy Earth again?"

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said: "Ah, I was once there; I was still happy then; I had still my Infinite Father, and looked up cheerfully from the mountains, into the immeasurable Heaven, and pressed my mangled brest on his healing form, and said even in the bitterness of death: 'Father, take thy son from this bleeding hull, and lift him to thy heart!' Ah, ye too happy inhabitants of earth, ye still believe in *Him*. Perhaps even now your sun is going down, and ye kneel amid blossoms, and brightness, and

tears, and lift trustful hands, and cry with joy-streaming eyes, to the opened Heaven: 'Me too thou knowest, Omnipotent, and all my wounds; and at death thou receivest me, and closest them all!' Unhappy creatures, at death they will not be closed! Ah, when the sorrow-laden lays himself, with galled back, into the earth, to sleep till a fairer Morning full of Truth, full of Virtue and Joy—he awakens in a stormy Chaos, in the everlasting Midnight,—and there comes no morning, and no soft healing hand, and no Infinite Father! Mortal, beside me! if thou still livest, pray to *Him;* else hast thou lost him forever!"

And as I fell down, and looked into the sparkling Universe, I saw the upborne Rings of the Giant-Serpent, the Serpent of Eternity, which had coiled itself round the All of Worlds,—and the Rings sank down, and encircled the All doubly; and then it wound itself innumerable ways, round Nature, and swept the Worlds from their places, and crashing, squeezed the Temple of Immensity together, into the church of a burying-ground,—and all grew strait, dark, fearful,—and an immeasurably extended Hammer was to strike the last hour of Time, and shiver the Universe asunder, . . . WHEN I AWOKE.

My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God; and the joy and the weeping, and the faith on Him were my prayer. And as I arose, the sun was glowing deep behind the full purpled corn-ears, and casting meekly the gleam of its twilight-red on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora; and between the sky and the earth, a gay transient air-people was stretching out its short wings and living, as I did before the Infinite Father; and from all nature around me flowed peaceful tones, as from distant evening bells.—*Foreign Review.*

A SERIES OF LECTURES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

DELIVERED BY REQUEST BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION, IN THE CITY OF ALBANY, BY S. DE WITT BLOODGOOD.

LECTURE V.—*Continued.*

Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743, and it is a singular fact, that the year of his birth was not known until after his death. He scrupulously concealed it from the knowledge of the public, lest its anniversary should become the subject of injudicious celebration. He was educated at the college of William and Mary, an institution whose early establishment we have before mentioned. It has been said of him, as well as Mr. Adams, by one whose acquirements are scarcely less eminent, "that if we could ascertain all the causes which gave them eminence and distinction, in the midst of the great men with whom they acted, we should find not among the least, their early acquisitions in literature, the resources which it furnished, the promptitude and facility which it communicated, and the wide field it opened, for analogy and illustration, giving them thus on every subject a larger view and a broader range, as well for discussion, as the government of their own conduct."

In early life he was remarked for his attachment to the study of mathematics, and for a memory of uncommon power. He also possessed an exquisite taste for the fine arts, which he retained during his life. In architecture, sculpture and painting, he was more than tasteful, he was critical. He was equally devoted to music, and it is a curious but not unpleasing fact, that the grave author of the Declaration of Independence, passed many an hour of innocent enjoyment in playing upon the violin. Those who knew him after he had built his residence at Monticello, which looked down upon a landscape of almost a hundred miles in extent, saw there the effect of his early tastes, in the classical form of the edifice, in its position, its commanding prospects, and its internal decorations.

He was a linguist of no common attainments. His knowledge of the dead and living languages not only fitted him for profound research, but qualified him for the foreign mission afterwards entrusted to him. The judgment, the prescience of Mr. Jefferson in this was evident. He anticipated the destiny which awaited him, and prepared himself for its high responsibilities. It would be more advantageous for our country, if our modern statesmen would in this habit of preparation, imitate his example, and study the languages of the courts of Europe. But his studies included languages of a less common character. He carefully investigated the Anglo-Saxon, as a root of the English and an element of legal philology.

His early associations were of the best kind, and here let me observe, what to an association of young men may with great propriety be said, that this trait is one of the surest indications of a high and honorable mind. Men rise or fall to the level of those with whom they associate. He sought the society and became the intimate friend of Dr. Small, Governor Fauquier and Chancellor Wythe, and it was impossible to be their friend without catching some of their ennobling qualities. Indeed, he admitted, that from these gentlemen he derived much instruction, that in their unreserved conversations he saw the elements of deep philosophy, and in their "attic flights" he learned to value "wit, eloquence and poetry."

It is said that his patriotism was first aroused to action, upon hearing the celebrated speech of Patrick Henry in the Virginia House of Delegates. He at once became the champion of liberty, and adopted for the motto of his seal, and as authority for his conduct, the proverb since become so familiar to Americans, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." His first literary effort was unavoidably connected with politics. It was a paper read in the Convention of Virginia, being a code of instructions for the delegates. It is pronounced second only to the Declaration of Independence. It was afterwards published in a pamphlet form, and entitled a Summary View of the Rights of British America. This was reprinted in England, was eulogised by Edmund Burke, and gave a tone to popular discussions upon questions involving public rights. It had one other evidence of its importance. It procured the author a place in a bill of attainder, which by the change of events sometimes turning treason into lawful resistance, was never finally passed. To this paper of Mr. Jefferson we owe the introduction of the word "States," instead of that of colonies, a substitution that caused much debate, and in later times has not been without its influence on the opinions of American statesmen. We can not forbear quoting the lines of an eminent poet and jurist as appropriate to this word. Although the author's name is not inscribed upon *our* annals, yet to shew the parallelism existing between patriots of every clime, we may well repeat the following lines, to an American association. The author, Sir Wm. Jones, for some time lost favor with the British government for advocating the principles of Mr. Jefferson and his compatriots.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad arm'd ports,
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride.
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! Men; high-minded men!
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long aim'd blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain!
These constitute a state."

The Declaration of Independence was Mr. Jefferson's next most important effort, and of that production so well known, so much admired, so dear to every American heart, we need here say nothing. To use the words of another, "Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title deed of their liberties devolved upon his hands." There have been those who have criticised this production because it contained nothing new, and because it was filled with animadversions upon the British king. But he who expected in a national paper, which was founded upon the common and acceded principles of liberty and truth, such a development as belongs to the romance writer, or such an arrangement of ideas, as a dramatist would seize on to startle the gazing crowd, must have been ignorant of the greatness of the moment, and the principles which actuate men at the crisis of their fate. When our transatlantic friends shall offer to the world a paper as replete with wisdom, as powerful in argument, and as beneficial in consequences to the human race, we will forgive all their injustice to the country which boasts of its Declaration of Independence, and justly venerates its author's memory.

In 1796 Mr. Jefferson engaged very actively in the promotion of education in his native state. He introduced three bills into its legislature, the one to furnish children of all classes, the rich and poor, with the rudiments of education at elementary schools; another for the instruction of a class of students, who desired to attain that practical knowledge necessary to the ordinary pursuits of active life. The other to establish an University for the teaching of the sciences and the highest branches of education, with a library and gallery of statues and paintings. With the usual fate of projects, the immediate utility of the plan being more regarded than the more distant results however certain, it was opposed, resisted, and defeated. If ever any man was the efficient and disinterested friend of education, it was Mr. Jefferson, and we may imagine the regret which must have filled his bosom, when the news came to him in Europe, that his policy had been misunderstood, and his fellow citizens had refused to perceive in this, their best, their truest interests. In a letter to Chancellor Wythe, he observes: Than the diffusion of knowledge "no other sure foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness. Preach, my dear sir, preach a crusade against ignorance, establish and improve the law for educating the people."

Although at the time unsuccessful, Mr. Jefferson at a later period saw the acorn he had planted becoming a towering oak. The University of Virginia, now richly endowed and sustained by the public favor, bids fair to become all he contemplated, and to raise up new defenders of the principles of liberty, so dear to its founder and advocate. All his life he had been devoted to this cardinal policy, the public instruction. On his accession to the office of governor of Virginia, he had used his influence to enlarge the usefulness of William and Mary College, by adding professorships of law, medicine, chemistry, and anatomy.

He also exerted himself successfully in the cause of humanity. When the troops captured at Saratoga arrived at Charlotteville, he extended, both to

officers and men, his care and attention. Some of the former were educated and literary men, and it so happened, that becoming acquainted with the learning as well as the exertions of Jefferson, by their letters and personal report, they spread his fame throughout Europe. It is a pleasing consideration and is worthy of remembrance, that when Mr. Jefferson afterwards travelled on the continent, he found their commendations had preceded him, and that he was every where received with distinquished honor by the European literati.

The revised code of Virginia was another of his great labors. This, on the authority of Mr. Madison, is pronounced the most arduous of them all. It is a curious circumstance, that during the greater part of the revolution, he confined his personal exertions to his own state. In this he resembled George Clinton, our own revolutionary Chief Magistrate.

A fall from his horse having rendered his confinement to his house necessary, he had leisure to recur to a letter received from M. De Marbois, of the French legation at Philadelphia, who was instructed by his government to inquire into the natural, political and legal history of the country. The answers to these questions were the origin of the celebrated Notes on Virginia. He first published a small edition in Paris, but as one of the copies fell into the hands of a person who sought to gain a pecuniary benefit by an illicit publication, he was compelled, contrary to his first intention, to publish a full and accurate edition, to correct the numerous errors of the pirated copy. The work at once became popular, passed through numerous editions, and was translated into all the languages of Europe.

While abroad, Mr. Jefferson never lost sight of the arts in his own country, or the proper means of increasing their prosperity. He became intimate with the savans of Paris, extended his correspondence with the leading literary men of the day, contributed to the Encyclopedie Methodique, and and in all possible ways attempted to receive as well as to impart knowledge. The exertions he made to transmit the most valuable foreign seeds to America, to introduce the fig, mulberry and olive, are well known. He endeavored with equal zeal to introduce to his countrymen the principle of stereotyping, and that too as early as 1786.

On his return to the United States he was appointed Secretary of State, by General Washington, although he declared that he would rather be shut up in a cottage with his books, his family and a few old friends, than to occupy the most splendid post the world could give him. The duties of this office, and his great literary acquirements, enabled him, in connection with his native sagacity, and his long experience, to discharge with unexampled honor. His correspondence with the ministers of other powers, says a distinguished writer, and his instructions to our own diplomatic agents abroad, are among our ablest state papers. "A thorough knowledge of the laws and usages of nations, perfect acquaintance with the immediate subject before him, great felicity and still greater facility in writing, shew themselves in what ever effort his official station called on him to make."

"It is believed by competent judges, that the diplomatic intercourse of the government of the United States, from the first meeting of the Continental Congress in 1774, to the present time, taken together, would not suffer in respect to the talent with which it has been conducted, by comparison with any thing which other and older states can produce, and to the attainment of this respectability and distinction Mr. Jefferson contributed his full proportion."

Indeed we may claim for the proper discharge of the duties of the office of Secretary of State, a more than ordinary share of talent and learning. The possessor should be thoroughly conversant with the principles of the constitution and laws. He should be a lawyer in the extended sense of the word, and thoroughly acquainted with the principal modern languages, as well as the Latin. In the latter much of the civil law and the law of nations is yet found, the former partially understood or not all, leave him at the mercy of hireling translators, and often expose him to the consequences of an imperfect comprehension of the spirit of the contracting parties. He should be a thorough historian, for who does not know that the treaties of nations are a part of history, and must constantly be referred to, to settle disputed points. He should be a belles lettres scholar, to express himself with propriety of diction and elegance of style. All these qualities he possessed, and brought to bear in his official career.

His report on a uniform system of currency and of weights and measures, was also evidence of his talent and research. His manual for the direction of legislators is another useful work, and of standard authority. His correspondence has recently been collected and published by his grandson, T. Jefferson Randolph, and has attracted the greatest attention in this country and abroad. It includes his autobiography as far as the year 1790.

It is impossible, in the brief limits assigned us by our subject, to enter into a discussion of the numerous public schemes of utility which at his suggestion were adopted, or relate the numerous literary honors which he received. His desire to improve the agriculture of his state, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and to promote education, are of themselves, without reference to his leading political measures, sufficient to eternise his name. His memorable death occurring with that of Mr. Adams, on the day of his country's anniversary, seemed to correspond with the other events of his life.

"O, many a time it hath been told,
The story of those men of old—
For this—fair poetry hath wreath'd
Her sweetest, purest flower,
For this proud eloquence hath breath'd,
His strain of loftest power!
Devotion too hath linger'd round
Each spot of consecrated ground.
And never may they rest unsung
While liberty can find a tongue!
Twine gratitude! a wreath for them,
More deathless than the diadem!
Who to life's noblest end
Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade the legacy descend
Down—down to us and ours!"

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

(Continued.)

In his campaign against Austria the first consul received every day during his march against Ulm, the bitterest complaints that the *commissaires de guerre* were not exact in their distributions, and did not give to each regiment either the prescribed quantity or quality of provisions. He was highly excited, and exclaimed at various times, *"Ah les voleurs, les voleurs, j'en ferai un example!"* (Oh the robbers, the robbers, I shall soon make an example of them.)

In his first campaigns as consul, and even as emperor, Bonaparte established his head-quarters in palaces or large houses, surrounded by a numerous guard and a brilliant retinue. General Alexander Berthier, as major-general of the staff, marched with a strong escort in advance to provide beforehand a comfortable lodging, and other accommodations for his new master. Berthier, of a feeble and servile character, was very zealous to please his superior by compliance, with all his frequent whims, and suffered many times severe reprimands, given even in our presence. Berthier chose, therefore, as often as he could, to procure for himself a separate lodging, and was never better pleased than when he could obtain a few moments of respite and rest. And these even, he could not enjoy in quietness, as I frequently observed him rising from his field bed on hearing the least noise, and asking us in an anxious tone, "has the first consul called me?" His was truly the life of a wretched slave surrounded with all the brilliancy of rank and power!

One day we arrived at a small German town, Reutlingen, where we were to pass the night. The rain had continued to fall upon us during the whole day, and every one of us was completely drenched; when Bonaparte perceived at a distance the towers of the churches of the place, he spurred his horse, impatient to arrive, and perceiving a sentry before a very small and poor looking house, he stopped, alighted and went in. He surprized Berthier seated before a comfortable fire, who, seeing the first consul, jumped from his arm-chair and excused himself by stammering out that he had not expected him so soon, and explaining that this was not his (the consul's) prepared quarters which were in a large house on the public square, where he would be a thousand times more comfortably and *honorably* lodged than in this miserable hut. "In whose lodgings am I here?" asked Bonaparte. "It is my humble abode," answered Berthier, in an embarrassed manner. The consul looked round, and with a smile said, "Well, Mr. le Major-General, we will change—I will remain here and go you to my quarters. Send for my maps and papers, and remove this table nearer to the fire." This done, after a very considerable bustle, to the great annoyance of us all, Bonaparte continued until the night was far advanced, working, wet as he was, in his cabinet.

The next morning the army was in full march and the weather clear. But the rain had so much affected the roads that the artillery, baggage, &c., could only advance with great difficulty. The consul anxious to gain the advanced guard, ordered some guides* to clear the road, and to put the soldiers in two files, so that he might pass more at his ease. When we passed we all heard many voices among the soldiers exclaiming, "It is well said, easily said, but how shall we walk faster when we have nothing in our bowels!" *(Ah vraiment, vraiment! trimez, trimez,* (go on, go on,) *lorsqu'on n'a rien dans le fanal!* (stomach.) The consul hearing these expressions from the mouth of a handsome looking voltigeur, ordered him to step out from his rank and file, and asked him if he had not received his rations? "No, not a bit, except this old crust of bread," showing it to the consul. "Is that all?" "Yes, general." "To what division do you belong?" "To General Regnier's." "Call him." After a severe examination in presence of the whole column, which had received the order to suspend its march, the commissaire de

* A corps of young noblemen, of which he had made a particular guard, in imitation of the *Mousquetaires du Roi.*

guerre was convicted of fraud and negligence, and was ordered to be shot at twenty paces from the column in less than twenty minutes. The wretched man (Pommier) was pitied but by few, and the following day the army was well provided.

LECTURES ON COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY,

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LECTURE III.

ON THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

In treating of the structure of the lower animals, and in describing the development of the various systems which enter into their organization, it is not my intention, gentlemen, to leave out any particular class of animals because they may be low in the scale, or believed to contain objects very little interesting to the medical man or the philosopher. It is understood that you have come to this apartment to see the organization brought gradually into being, and to trace their parts gradually superadded until they arrive at the objects which are conceived to be of the most importance, because most immediately connected with and most nearly related to the human organization. It behooves me, therefore, often to use terms which I am well aware cannot be familiar to you, as they do not often occur in the other departments of medical education. It is necessary, however, in the present state of the science, to use a very definite language in order that the facts stated regarding the development may be more precise, more accurate, and more valuable. On this account I have generally at some part of the commencement of the course, introduced one or sometimes two lectures upon the classification and subdivision of the animal kingdom. As zoology forms the subject of a separate course of lectures, I find it inexpedient to devote more than one lecture to this part—the subdivision of the animal kingdom. We require this on account of the constant employment of subdivisions which are not commonly used, and in order to give greater definiteness and value to the descriptions hereafter to be given.

Now the animal kingdom comprehends beings the most diversified as to form, structure, and media in which they live; for we find some organised to fly through the air, others to creep on the earth or burrow under its surface, and others to descend into and inhabit the depths of the sea. The position of animals, however, with regard to the surface of this earth is not all connected with the degree of elevation of their organization or their complexness of structure. The *structure* of animals is the basis on which classification is founded. The simplest structures are expected to be found in the lowest divisions, and structures gradually become more and more complex as we ascend in the scale.

When we place a drop of any decayed infusion of animal or vegetable matter under a powerful microscope, and throw a light through that drop, and through the microscope to the eye, we discover in the drop of water various forms of living beings, some of a rounded, some of a lengthened form, and some exhibiting ramifications shooting in all directions, but all apparently of a soft, transparent, gelatinous, and almost homogeneous texture. Those beings constitute the lowest form of animals with which we are at present acquainted, and they were at first considered to be astomatous and agastric, and were called *infusoria*, but that denomination, you perceive, taken from their locality, is not explanatory of their structure but of their *habitat*.

Upon examination it was found, that there existed animalculæ of a higher denomination, even as high as crabs and lobsters; they exist in every stagnant pool of water, in every river, and in the ocean. There exist also extremely minute red-blooded worms, and other classes of animals, in the same infusions with the simplest forms of animalcules.

Upon examining with great care many years since the effects of *coloured* infusions upon those minute animalculæ, it was found that they devoured great quantities of the coloured matter in which they were placed, and that in devouring it thus rapidly, they conveyed it into internal cavities or stomachs, which are sometimes extremely numerous in them. Those cavities exist in almost every known genus. Sometimes there are nearly 200 stomachs in a single animalcule. Animalcules occur belonging to this class, so small that nearly 500 millions are contained in a single drop of water, that is, as many as there are individuals of our own race on the face of the earth.

Now in those minute beings which constitute the simplest forms of animals, there are numerous stomachs, and that in almost every genus (of which there are a great number,)—the lowest class is therefore called *polygastrica*. Those little animals are found not only in animal infusions, but they are found in the stagnant waters around all our cities; they are found in the waters of harbors, of rivers, of lakes, and, as far as we know, in every drop of the ocean which is in a fluid state. I have myself examined them in various parts of the western islands, in an excursion with Dr. Hooker, Dr. Greville, Dr. Thomson of Glasgow, and other naturalists, at a great distance from land. In the summer of last year I had an opportunity of examining them in glass tubes, taken at sea on my way to the Land's End in Cornwall, a great way from the sea shore. From their nature there is reason to believe they are by far the most numerous living beings that exist on the face of this planet. They are the food of higher classes, particularly of zoophytes. They constitute, many of them, the embryo of more perfect animalcules, which curious observation has been confirmed by the recent researches of Professor Ehrenberg.

On the shores of the sea, when the tide has retired, rocks and other marine substances, are covered with a layer of soft, spongy substance of various forms, colours, and consistence, sometimes hanging in branches from the cliffs, which are covered by the sea, sometimes covering the surface of marine animals. This layer consists of beings which possess an organization extremely simple. Their surface is porous; those pores lead to canals which ramify through all parts of their texture; and those canals anastomosing into larger and larger trunks, lead, again, to orifices on the surface, from which there issue constant streams of water, which are at first carried in through the pores, conveyed through the canals, and next into those larger trunks. They are called *poriphera*, and they constitute the second lowest class of animals.

Inhabiting, likewise, the sea of all climes, are substances which ramify or lie in masses, but having for the most part a calcareous axis, with a skeleton composed of the carbonnate of lime. Accompanying this, sometimes covering it, sometimes in the interior, there is a soft fleshy substance, which, in fact, is the body of the animal. That fleshy mass, which composes the substance of the body, is developed at particular points into sacs—digestive cavities—all over the surface. Those digestive sacs are called *polypi;* and from this character, which belongs to this class of animals, the whole class has been denominated *polypiphera*. These constitute the class of animals commonly known by the name of *zoophytes* amongst the older writers,—because they were thought to belong to the vegetable kingdom, and to be plants with highly sensitive flowers

Now there are animals belonging to this class of various forms and of various compositions, some having a skeleton of a soft texture, as in the *alcyonium*, some horny as the *gorgonia*, some solid and calcareous as the *madrepores* and *meandrinæ*, some calcareous and jointed as the *isis*. Those belong then to this class of polypiphera having polypi. They subsist on animals They are carnivorous—they feed upon living prey consisting of animalcules We shall examine how they seize, digest, and throw out, the residue by the same orifices into which the prey was taken. As you observe, from the surface of this single branch, (presenting a specimen of *madrepore,)* there are innumerable digestive sacs all over the surface, which are so many mouths of the same individual fleshy substance. Those animals precipitate immense quantities of the carbonate of lime, particularly in tropical seas, where they cover rocks which have been thrown up for many hundreds of miles in extent. They delight to be in water which covers rocks near the surface, and, indeed, at no very remote period, those animals were thought to extend into vast ridges of mountains, running for many hundreds of miles. This, however, was totally inconsistent with everything we now know of them, and is easily explained by what is known of volcanic action. The volcanic actions which have taken place have raised up the volcanic ridges covered with corals, which are found in all the South Seas.

In all parts of the ocean are numerous gelatinous animals, for the most part of a transparent and simple texture, such as the *medusa* and *Portuguese man-of-war*, and numerous other genera, which we shall hereafter examine For the most part those soft gelatinous animals (which are entirely aquatic, and all of them marine) possess a property by which they excite inflammation, when they touch the surface of the skin, like nettles. The term applied to them—*acalepha*—is a Greek term expressive of *nettles*. Those animals scarcely yet possess a trace of a nervous system, and, like all the classes I have already mentioned, are all aquatic. They are seen floating through all the ocean, for the most part by the action of their own muscular power, or by air-sacs, or by cilia. They feed upon animals of extreme minuteness—for the most part the microscopic crustaceous animals, which abound in the ocean as in other waters. The waters conveyed through the pumps of London teem with crustaceous animals closely allied to crabs and lobsters, and which are extremely beautiful. Those are so abundant in the pools round London, as often to change the colour of them, and they are the chief food of the acalepha in the sea.

We have also to consider a class composed of marine animals, like most of the preceding, termed *echinoderma*, from the circumstance which you observe illustrated in the instance of the *asterias echinus* before you. It is also illustrated in the common *spatangus* and *cidaris*, and many others which we shall hereafter examine. They have a sort of spiny skin. In those echinoderma we shall find the organization to have arrived at a pretty complex state. For the most part the structure of the nervous system developed, is found in the form of a circular chord, or double chord, round the alimentary canal. It is known to exist in this form in the *asterias*, *actinia*, &c.; it is known also to exist so in the last class mentioned—the *acalepha*. Where the system then has been distinctly observed in the classes of animals I have just enumerated, it appears to have a circular form.

The term "cycloneura" might serve for the whole of this group of classes, to distinguish them so far as their nervous system is known. The radiated form of the body, however, which is so apparent in many of the polypiphera and echinoderma, has caused the term "radiata" to be applied to the whole of this form. It is so used by Baron Cuvier. I shall not use the word "zoophyta," which is applied by Cuvier to this group of classes also, because that term is generally applied to a single class.

The bodies of all the higher forms of animals support myriads of beings possessing distinct vital properties—distinct organizations. They are formed in the interior of the best-protected organs of the body—in the liver, the alimentary canal, the parenchymatous substance—in the substance of the brain itself. They have generally been denominated from the position in which they are found. Such beings have been called *entozoa*. Now that term you will perceive is not expressive of their organization, from which unfortunate circumstance we find grouped together under the term "entozoa," beings possessing the most diversified structures. This is a class which has been particularly studied by the late Professor Rudolphi of Berlin, and the name given by him of "entozoa" is admitted by most other writers. From the simple *hydatid*, consisting of a single opening leading to a general sac, to the complex *lernæa*, all belong to this class of entozoa. Some are found even adhering to the surface of other animals. They are found adhering to the lips, to the eyes, and to other parts, of fishes.

The researches of Ehrenberg show that a group, formerly believed to belong to the class of the most minute animalcules, possess an organization extremely complex. They were characterised as rotiferous animalcules, because they have circles of vibratile cilia, which appear like revolving wheels when they are in rapid action, and by these hair-like processes they were enabled to swim. They float, attract their prey with these, and thus get their food. They possess an alimentary canal passing through the body. They possess muscular fasciculi; they possess nervous ganglia, and even a cerebral or supra-œsophageal ganglion. They pos-

sess a vascular system pretty highly developed, so that they are far removed from the polygastrica, and from the classes which I have already mentioned. They are denominated *rotifera*. Ehrenberg has called them "rotatoria," but the term rotifera is the one most used. They are distinguished by their circles of cilia, sometimes single, sometimes double, which appear through the microscope-like revolving wheels.

Enclosed in multivalve shells of carbonate of lime deposited in successive layers, we find animals which possess articulated members, and have gills formed much like those of the crab and the lobster, which possess a double nervous cord, extended along the abdominal surface of the body. Those are characters which belong to the articulate classes of animals, and they have been denominated from the form of the feet *cirrhopoda*, which you see in the specimens of the *anatifa*.

The shores of the sea, the moist sands of coasts, as well as the soils of all countries, are inhabited by myriads of worms, which are found to contain a red-coloured fluid circulating in arteries and veins. These constitute the "red bloody worms" of naturalists—the "vers à sang rouge" of Baron Cuvier. The term *annelida* is the most frequently applied to them, because if you examine the earth-worms and other annelides, you will perceive they are surrounded by rings, extending from the anterior to the posterior part of the body, and occasioning this name to be applied to them.

The scolopendræ and centipedes possess an articulate body and two nervous chords, with ganglia disposed at regular distances extending along the abdominal surface of the body. They do not undergo metamorphosis. From the number of feet they possess, they have been denominated *myriapoda*, a term which has been employed now for the whole class. The myriapodes possess in their internal structure an organization closely allied to the larva of insects.

The class of insects approach most closely to them, as you will find hereafter by examining the structure which is developed internally; and when we come hereafter to examine the nervous system, we shall see the nervous system of insects changes rom that of myriapodes to that of crustacea, so that the myriapoda possess a simpler structure than the other. This class of insects undergoes, for the most part, metamorphosis, from the condition of the larva or caterpillar to the chrysalis, which passes to the winged animal. They breathe from the stigmata that lead to air tubes which ramify through all parts of the body, and are called *insecta* from their divided body.

Insects possess compound eyes. There is a class of animals which is higher than the insects, yet lower than the crustacea—it is the class of the spiders or *arachnida*, and they are destitute of those organs of sensation or antennæ, which are seen extending from the first segment of the body. You observe in the scorpion that there are none of those long-joined antennæ which you see in crustaceous animals, myriapods, and insects. The animals in in this class have been denominated *arachnida* from their general resemblance to spiders.

Insects breathe atmospheric air by means of tracheæ which are most freely ramified through all parts of the body. The myriapoda breathe it also by tracheæ; the arachnida breathe it. They breathe it sometimes through those tracheæ, and sometimes by sacs, into which the air is conveyed. In the scorpion, for example, there are cavities on each side of the abdomen, into which air is conveyed, and which have a laminated internal surface.

The crustaceous animals are the spiders of the sea; they for the most part are covered externally with a solid calcareous integument, which is secreted between the epidermis and the true skin. It is composed partly of the carbonate and partly of the phosphate of lime. They possess articulated members and articulated bodies. They breathe by means of branchiæ or gills. They have compound eyes like insects, and they have two pairs of antennæ.

It is of great advantage to me to be perfectly understood in speading rapidly of the distinct forms and structure of these classes. When I am perfectly understood, it gives me liberty to be much more rapid, and to state minute differences of orders in particular groups, which, were I not conscious that the terms I use were understood, I must be obliged, in order to be intelligible, to leave out. We cannot, for example, speak of *insecta* in the sense of Linnæus, who comprehended under that term any animal that possessed no vertebræ, and had articulated members. Therefore the classes myriapoda, insecta, arachnida, and so on, in the system of Linnæus, were all insects. It is impossible, however, to use language of that kind now, and to be at all minute in our descriptions.

Now when we examine the nervous system of the lowest classes of animals, we find it diffused in globules throughout the body. These globules compose the nervous system of all animals In the lower genera, all systems of the body are blended down, but in the higher radiated animals you begin to find circular filaments developed. In the crustacea, the nervous system is disposed in the form of two abdominal chords. Now this form can be traced from the crustacea down to the entozoa, and we shall hereafter have occasion to trace this system down to its simplest form in the vertebrated embryo, where it appears to be like a simple filament,—the first streak which is seen on the ovum in the highest form of animals, and which we know to be the rudiments of this system. But it assumes a more perfect form as it ascends and develops the brain. Now taking this nervous system to give us the rudiments of all classification, if you take the Greek term *diplo neura*, that would express the whole of the articulated classes. They are most frequently, however, denominated *articulata*; therefore I may employ, indiscriminately, those terms. The one to my mind is the term which refers to the all-ruling system of their economy.

Frequently cast ashore upon the rocks,—driven ashore by the agitated states of the sea,—we find animals possessing a complex internal structure, and surrounded externally with a soft transparent homogeneous tunic. Within that external tunic we find a heart developed of one cavity. We find a nervous system, a respiratory system in the form of branchiæ or gills; we find a stomach, a liver, and other glands, and organs of generation They possess a structure closely allied to the animals inhabiting bivalve shells. They are denominated, from their external tunic, *tunicata*. The inhabitants of bivalve shells form the class denominated *conchifera*. The inhabitants of univalve shells have for the most part received the name of *gasteropoda*, because you will observe that the snails, for example, creep on a muscular disk, which extends over the lower surface of their belly.

We observe floating through the sea, particularly when calm, myriads of very delicate and transparent animals belonging to this molluscous division of the kingdom, which possess a complex internal structure. They breathe by means of gills, which for the most part are disposed on the external surface of the body. They swim to and fro in the sea; they do not creep, but swim by extended membranes, such as you observe here—the clio borealis.

In this animal there are two membranes on which the gills are disposed, and by the motion of which they swim to and fro in the sea. They possess an internal structure, and are closely allied in many respects to the last class. They constitute the class denominated *Pteropoda*, from the wing-shaped membranes by which they swim. The highest class of all the invertebrated division of the animal kingdom are the Cephalopoda.

The next class of animals to that of the *fishes* is denominated the *Cephalopoda*, a name which you observe they have received from the circumstance of the feet surrounding the head. Those extremities surrounding the head are the feet on which the cephalopoda creep.

When you come to examine into the nervous system of all these classes, from the tunicata to the cephalopoda, you will find that that system has its centre in the form of ganglia around the entrance of the alimentary canal, and frequently forming a chain of ganglia around the œsophagus. They might be denominated, to connect them together, *cyclogangliata*.

The study of all classes of animals is interesting, but, perhaps, to the medical student, who is at all times more interested in this part of the course which treats of structure and functions than in that which treats of the history—the zoology—all parts are interesting. But, probably, these parts are the most interesting which come nearest to the human form; and he is particularly interested in the cephalopodes, where he is losing the invetebrate form of the lowest, and coming to that vertebrated form of the group to which man belongs. He looks with particular interest to the internal hard parts of the cephalopodes. There he finds the vertebral column not divided transversely into different portions, but the vertebræ spread out, and not so connected as to form a tube around the great nervous system, which is a form that characterises the true vertebrata.

The first then, gentlemen, of the true vertebrated animals, is the class of fishes, which by their aquatic life are like tadpoles, which are never metamorphosed. Their arms and legs are in the form of fins, intended for their aquatic life. Their breathing organs are in the form of gills. They possess, like the true tadpoles, one ventricle and one auricle. This class of fishes is called *Pisces*.

There is a class of animals which are frequently placed along with the reptiles, and which comprehends the various forms of frogs, toads, salamanders, and tritons, which have not three cavities of the heart like reptiles, but only two cavities, like fishes, an auricle and a ventricle. They are amphibious animals They breathe at first by means of gills. At first they assume the form of fishes, so that they are like fishes that are destined to be metamorphosed. The term *amphibia*, applied to them by Latreille, has been adopted, and is now used by most who speak of them, because they contain a group which pass through two conditions of life. You cannot place them among other land animals, or among fishes. For the most part they approach more nearly to fishes. To us, as anatomists, they are deeply interesting. We shall here see beings changing in all their internal machinery from their aquatic condition to beings which live and breathe in the atmosphere—a metamorphosis which affects their osseous system, their vascular system, their nervous system, even their digestive system, and, indeed, their whole structure.

The next class, gentlemen, in the cold-blooded animals is the reptiles, for when we ascend beyond this, we come to the hot-blooded, which comprehends man himself. But in the class which comprehends all the different kinds of serpents, crocodiles, lizards, and tortoises, we find the heart to consist of three cavities, two auricles, and a ventricle. The reptiles breath by means of lungs at all periods of their life. They do not undergo the metamorphosis which I have spoken of in the amphibia. They are oviparous, cold-blooded vertebral animals, with three cavities of the heart—the *Reptilia*.

The first class to be named of the hot-blooded animals is that of birds—a class which may be characterised by its oviparous nature—the heart consisting of four cavities, two auricles, and two ventricles. They breathe by means of lungs—they are covered with feathers. Their anterior extremities are organised for an aerial life. They are denominated *Aves*.

The highest class of animals is that which comprehends man, and all animals which, like man, possess a viviparous mode of generation. These animals have a heart consisting of four cavities—they have not and red blood. They differ in their exterior form of covering from the former, which is not in the form of feathers, but of hair. Their most essential character, however, is that of their being viviparous, and suckling their young by teats, and they are thence called *Mammalia*.

Now these five classes of vertebrated animals will engage the greater part of our attention during the course, because the consideration of their organs is by far the most interesting, but still we should not neglect any of the forms met with in the lower classes. When we consider abstractedly the five classes enumerated, we find them singularly characterised by the condition of their nervous system. It is no longer disposed either in the form of cords running round the stomach or below the intestinal canal, nor as a chain of ganglia around the œsophagus, but it is contained in a jointed earthy tube, which is remarkable for its solidity. The skeletons of animals are divided where they are hard—where they are soft, they need no division. Hence this hard tube must be divided into vertebræ, and this contained spino-cerebral axis constitutes the central body of the nervous system. It consists of a brain and spinal marrow—the spinal marrow develops the brain—the *spini-cerebrata*; or the term, perhaps, more familiar to you, if you prefer the case to the substance contained in the case—the *vertebrata*.

Now this is all the time I can spare to this branch of the subject, which is purely zoological; but con-

sidering the objects before you, and the terms by which I am to designate them, it was right to devote a lecture to their explanation, as it will now be easier to follow me in treating my various subjects anatomically, which I shall proceed to do tomorrow.

(For the Zodiac.)

DEATH.

Grim death on his throne of skulls,
Smiled ghastly o'er the world,
And he held in his withered hand
His dark black banner unfurled.

He was laughing in scorn on the men
Who hoarded up riches to save,
And his pale yellow finger pointed
To the damp and the cheerless grave.

He sat with his scythe at his feet,
And his sceptre lay idly by,
And he filled up a skull with blood,
And drank—for more men to die.

He had conquered many a world,
And he'd many a nation bowed,
And he'd left their cold limbs covered
With his dark and bloody shroud.

He had howled in his savage glee,
O'er many a battle field,
And full many a hand he'd taught
The glittering sword to wield.

He had tempted many a heart
With baubles of power and fame,
And he'd shook his hollow sides
To think that the bait was ta'en.

He had flattered the fool with life,
And he bade him be happy still,
And his old worn heart had exulted
To see him drink deeply his fill.

He had bent o'er many a face,
Where beauty and love had breathed,
And his sickly eye had glistened,
But it never wept nor grieved.

He had stared at the monarch's form,
As he lay on his couch at ease,
And he'd grated his shining teeth,
And crushed his bones at a squeeze.

He had sung to the priests of gold,
He had taught them to glut and drink,
And he'd smacked on their cheeks his lip,
As they 'gan in his arms to sink.

And now on his throne he sat,
And he crossed his limbs in rest,
And he drank down his draught of blood,
'Twas the wine that he loved the best.

Albany, July 11, 1836. FLIGGBERTON.

We are indebted to the Trustees of the Albany Female Academy for the following essay, by Miss CHARLOTTE M. FRENCH, of Amsterdam, N. Y., to whom the first Gold Medal was awarded at the recent examination:

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

What emotions of wonder and admiration swell our bosoms as we contemplate the works of human might and ingenuity! Whether we view the height and solidity of pyramids, the architectural beauty of magnificent temples, the perfect operations of machinery, or the fidelity and delicacy of paintings; we yield an involuntary tribute to power, skill, and wisdom! Yet the noblest monument of power, skill, and wisdom, which exists upon the earth, has been too often undervalued and disregarded.

It is a painting, which has no archetype in nature; but is the creation of an artist unrivalled in design and execution, and displays the most striking traits of beauty in its outlines, its tints, and its proportions. It is a machine, of the most complicated nature, involving the most delicate arrangements, the most intricate combinations, and the most harmonious movements.

It is a temple, not of massive structure, but noble in its unadorned simplicity. Here are registered the accidents of the changing world; here science sits enthroned; here religion assumes her power; here the God of heaven reigns; and here the silent adoration of his works is continually ascending, like clouds of fragrant incense. This exquisite painting is the human face and form! This curiously organized machinery, the human frame; and this temple is man himself! His architect is God! His adorations are the secret workings of the heart. Yes, man is wonderful! Even his animal nature is truly wonderful. Here is the frame work of bones, strong, yet light and porous, and curiously jointed together;—giving stability to the frame, yet allowing of free and graceful motion, in every direction. Attached to these are the innumerable multitudes of muscles and ligaments, acting in every direction, giving that grace and beauty of carriage which characterise the human form erect. These are intersected by bundles of fibres, the nerves, conveying impressions to the mind, and enabling its volitions to act upon the body. Here is the chemical wonder, the digestive organs; here too is the blood flowing through innumerable ramifications of arteries and veins; here the heart is working at the rate of ninety-six thousand strokes a day: here are the organs of sense, the eye, the ear, the palate, the olfactories; by which we become acquainted with the properties of external objects; and here too the whole is bound up and kept in its beautiful systematic order, by the external covering, defending it from injuries, and preserving the delicate machine from the evils to which it is daily exposed.

In every living, human being, all these organs are in active operation; yet no one interferes with another. The blood courses on through thousands of vessels, meandering over the surface of membranes, pervading the muscles and even penetrating the very bones. Upwards of four hundred muscles, intersecting and interlining each other, are dispersed throughout the system. Upwards of one hundred are put in motion at every inspiration. Numbers of bones with boundless articulations, indentations, and perforations are moving about each other; thousands of lacteals and lymphatics, are conveying nutriment to the blood; myriads of nerves are influencing every function; and multitudes of more obscure organs are still performing their varied offices. Yet there is no collision; no one in any way retards the progress of its neighbor. On the contrary, all unite in producing a comfortable state of sentient and active existence. Nay, still farther—every organ holds the best possible place. The chemical process which the blood undergoes, could not so well proceed if the lungs were situated in any other part. The heart would not maintain its equilibrium if not in the centre, nor would the arteries receive and conduct the fluid. Without the branching veins, the distant parts of the system would be destitute; without each muscle in its proper place, some member of the body would be paralysed; and without the tissue covering the whole surface, the movements would be uncontrolled, the circulation irregular, and the whole fair machinery deranged. Man is wonderful! He is not a mere material machine. This organised body is only the dwelling of a more noble, a more glorious nature; an immaterial thinking principle. This is of such a substance that no physical obstruction can impede its course; but onward it soars to the goal of its high destiny. We are sensible of its existence only by its operations. Here is opened to our view a wide and varied field. In it are implanted noble faculties, vast capacities of intellect.

By the power of sensation united with perception, man is made acquainted with the glories and beauties of creation. He can trace the rivulet in its wandering course, till it becomes a mighty, majestic river, rolling on in its majesty, to the boundless expanse of the ocean. He can view the mountains extending their lofty summits beyond the clouds; the burning craters sending forth masses of lava from their hidden recesses; he can hearken to the terrific tornado, and watch the sublime water spout!

He can soar aloft and explore the infinitude of other worlds. He can judge of the laws which bind these worlds in their spheres; of their amazing size; their wondrous velocity; their astonishing distance. He can trace the comets in their endless wanderings, and predict with strange accuracy the phenomena of their return. If a substance be decomposed, he can determine, by this astonishing faculty, the exact fitness of its parts to reproduce the same compound. By the power of abstraction he can deduce facts from appearances in nature, and thus lead the way to great and sublime discoveries. This noble power has enabled him to discover truths which, by their important revelation, have dispelled heathenish doubts and superstition. By imagination, he can form more pleasing objects than those in actual existence. He can live in a world of his own; he can revel in the midst of happiness. He can transport himself to another clime, where the sun shines in one unclouded day; where the rich garniture of nature surrounds him; where beings fair and unspotted are chanting forth the melodious notes of gladness. He may live in a new creation, and each varied scene but add a new emotion to his happiness. It is only by this power that he can picture to his "mind's eye" the realities of a future, the duration of eternity, the joys of heaven, and the happiness of the redeemed!

When we gaze upon the "sun, moon and stars," by the ennobling power of association, are awakened emotions of sublimity, and grandeur, of strength, and power, of wisdom, and benevolence. When we gaze upon the monuments of great and good men, what a train of ideas will be awakened by this faculty, concerning those to whose memory they are erected. The history of their past life, the incidents in which they were engaged, the age in which they lived, and the events which characterised it, all these will flit before the mental vision. By this we can recall the affection of long loved friends, we can renew the fond endearments of parental love, and the sweetest ties of filial affection. Reason conducts and guides all the faculties, keeps them under due restraint, and regulates them with unerring accuracy. By the power of memory, man can retain and treasure up his sensations and perceptions, the delight of his fond imaginings, and the most important lessons of wisdom and truth! These inherent powers of the mind produce no jar; no sullen discord; but all operate in the most wonderful harmony. Thus let sensation and perception introduce a new image, judgment arranges it in its most systematic order; imagination pictures it surrounded by a bright assemblage of beauty; association awakens emotions of love and gratitude; Memory retains and treasures up this ideal world of beauty. Who can conceive more pleasing or more wonder-working powers, than these with which human beings are endowed!

Man is wonderful! But he is not a mere cold speculative philosopher; he has a fount of feeling from which streams are ever ready to issue. He

is formed for action. From his very constitution he is susceptible of happiness and misery from what he experiences and observes. When he gazes upon the face of creation, all is not one dull uninteresting uniformity. He has a sensibility to beauty. As he views the verdant landscape, the winding rivulet, the waste of waters, the firmament glittering with resplendent stars, he experiences all the pleasures of taste. Again, introduce him into an extensive garden abounding in the choicest fruits, or into groves of oranges glittering in golden harvest, then the appetites will make themselves sensibly felt; he will be conscious of possessing another and a needful class of emotions.

In mingling with our species, we find that existence is embittered by sorrow, working fearful ravages in the hearts of men. Our sympathetic emotions are then awakened; we partake of their feelings, and can in a measure alleviate the depth of suffering. Here affection too asserts her right of sway. Men are connected together by the strongest ties of love. How strong are filial and parental affection! Here are united the dearest objects of existence. Here vibrates a cord which time can never wear away, which only death can sunder for a season, again to be united in everlasting strength and durability. Human affection is the great connecting link which binds men together; 'tis the noblest, purest, gush of feeling. Still another species of emotion is that gratitude and veneration which lead us to the Great Author of our existence. All the feelings are wrapped up in this, and absorbed in this single inclination. The soul may sooner cease to exist than be deprived of this feeling. It streams forth by nature's impulse, and fixes itself upon objects worthy its regard It embraces our fellow-men, and ascends in the fervor of devotion to the throne of God.

Man has also great incentives to action, upon which his own welfare and that of the community depend. Their power is amazing. No barrier is too formidable; no summit too lofty; no labor too great; no sacrifice too noble; no hardship too afflicting; when pursuing their gratification. They carry him across the alpine summits; they cause him to stand undaunted amid the deadly blaze of artillery. He can sacrifice his dearest earthly hopes; he can resign his loftiest aspirations; he can sever the closest ties; nay, even his dearly beloved and valued life he will sometimes resign to these irresistible propensities. Such is the desire of wealth, which is the wish of possessing means to obtain other gratifications. Such is the love of fame which induces him to perform deeds of benevolence, to plead the cause of the oppressed, to sacrifice health and comfort for the peace and prosperity of his country. Such is the desire of knowledge which leads him to attainments in literature and science, which will secure to him a noble inheritance, and will be fraught with earth's richest blessings. Such too is the desire of moral improvement, which will urge him on to everlasting happiness. This will secure a prize incorruptible and undefiled, and will furnish him with heaven's sweetest enjoyments.

Man is a wonderful being! He is still more so from his moral nature. To live insensible to the divine presence, to perceive no rays of heavenly glory, no faint glimmerings of holy light, would be indeed a world of moral darkness; it would be indeed practical atheism, and this earth the region of the shadow of death. But how different this from the lot of man! He has a glorious and a radiant light, which illumes his pathway through existence, and conducts him to his God. This is his moral nature. As vice abounds he has an unerring index to keep aloof from temptations. As virtue exists he is endowed with a monitor to direct his footsteps, and to guide him to objects worthy of admiration. It restrains the appetites, it directs the affections, it teaches when to sympathize, and to whom the grateful emotions of the heart should for ever rise. Then surely man is a wonderful being! What a combination of powers! What complete machinery! What a glorious organization! Still farther; all this machinery, this intellect, these feelings, these sublime moral powers,—are exactly fitted to the situation of man, and to the objects which surround him. He is adapted to the temperature of the earth. He can endure the burning rays of the torrid zone, the piercing cold of the frozen regions, or inhale the balmy zephyrs wafted from temperate climates. He can partake of the food which in the bounty of nature is afforded to him. The eye is adapted to light. The lungs are wonderfully adapted to air; they receive it, and decompose it, with an accuracy which the chemist has never reached. As man is endowed with powers for study, so the world presents a wide field. As he has feelings which fit him for society, what innumerable multitudes of beings swarm the earth! As society abounds in vice and misery, so he has faculties which keep him from temptation. Thus is man fitted for a residence on earth! But his wonders cease not here.

He is also susceptible of unlimited improvement. The infant in the cradle possesses all human faculties, waiting only for development. Present him with a picture, with what simple curiousity will he gaze upon it! Lead him, at a more advanced age, to the threshold of the temple of science; unfold to him the wonders of geography, the earth, the ocean, the towering precipice; with what ecstacy of feeling will he view the face of creation! Take him again when years have rolled away, and unfold to him the laws which govern the earth;—tell him of decomposition by which we can analyse the atmosphere; the orders of specific gravities by which we can explore the hidden laws of nature, the phenomena of the galvanic and electric fluid. Leave him to explore the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms. Stand and watch him while with wonder he traverses the boundless regions of space, and makes researches amidst its sublime realities. Now he discovers innumerable multitudes of worlds, still more burst upon his eager gaze,—these attended by other worlds. Here blazing comets shoot through fields of space. Here cluster multitudes of stars, and he sees this vast, universal system governed by the same immutable, unchanging laws! Such was the maturity of a Newton. Such is the progress of many minds. But where is Newton now? Death has laid him low. The dark portals of the tomb have closed over him. Thus in the full progress of improvement, death cuts down all human beings.

This beautiful painting becomes tarnished! This curiously wrought machinery is to moulder away! From this glorious earthly temple incense will cease to arise! Dark, gloomy tomb! Who can endure thy cold and narrow walls? Who can lie down to repose in thy terrific chambers? Who can resign this beauteous form to corruption? Who can consent to the extinction of this intellect? Nay, cease! A ray of light shoots across the dark and narrow confines of death,—a flood of moral light! We see it as it illumes the pathway to another world! Man will soon assume another form, far more beauteous and glowing! These intellectual faculties will continue then to expand; these feelings will burn with more intensity; these moral powers will bloom in everlasting perfection. Then how bright the future prospects of man! If here he be wonderful, what shall he be hereafter? When all physical obstructions are removed, then he can soar from realm to realm! He will be able to see with the eye of penetration the remote objects of the universe; on wings of light he can dart to investigate them, and returning, can proclaim to the celestial host, his newly acquired knowledge of the works of the creation. Nor will he be subject to the pains and cares which embitter his existence in this world! He will be purified from the grosser passions of his nature; sin can never cast its withering, blighting influence over his happiness; and as age after age rolls away, and his faculties expand in infinite progression, his felicity will continually increase. From what we can learn of the employment of angels, his main study will be the origin, progress, and consummation of redemption. He will see disclosed the righteousness, justice, mercy, and benevolence of the Eternal. Thus while the mind expands, the thoughts which fill it, will be more and more sublime; his devotions to Jehovah will become deeper and warmer. Then man *is* wonderful! The curious construction of his animal frame; the glorious constitution of his intellectual faculties; the noble feelings which animate him; the vast desires urging him to the great end of his existence; the glorious endowment of his moral nature; his susceptibility of infinite improvement; all, all proclaim him the most wonderful object of this lower world. Yet these present glories are lost in dark eclipse, when we turn to the glories of his wondrous future. A being destined to live hereafter! To live forever;—with faculties continually expanding, with happiness ever increasing!

"A worm! A God! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost."

(For the Zodiac.)

NOTES OF A PEDESTRIAN.

Continued.

One of the nearest positions to the confines of the state of New-York, where the great coal measures, as they are termed by all foreign geologists, occur, is in the beautiful valley of Lackawanna, and here they are found to embrace all those extensive beds of anthracite that are now the property of the Delaware Canal Company, by whom the most considerable of the number is at this present time worked extensively.

This valley derives the appellation it bears from the Indian words, "*Lechaw*" and "*hanna*," which signify the meeting of two streams. It extends in a south-west direction, with an average width from about two to four miles, from the village of Carbondale until it becomes lost in the adjoining valley of Wyoming, at the village of Pittston, a distance of twenty-three miles. On either side it is bounded by lofty ranges of wild and densely wooded hills, which, however, now and then, present to the eye some arable patches of finely cultivated fields. The ridge to the eastward has been designated as the Moosic mountain, and forms the dividing range of the waters of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, whilst that in the opposite direction has not yet received a name. Through the centre of this valley, a fine stream of water

pursues a serpentine course, winding along in a most graceful manner, throughout its whole extent, until it discharges itself into the Susquehanna river, the meeting with which, first gave origin to the name that it and the valley through which it at present flows, possesses.

In numerous places, this stream and its many tributaries, wash the irregularly formed cliffs, the various strata of which are comprised in the great coal measures of this interesting region; and also cuts through all the anthracite beds, and exposes them in a most beautiful manner to the sight.—They likewise not unfrequently furnish most admirable mill sites, which, together with the other advantages that they possess in a superior degree, must, at some future period, render this valley one of no inconsiderable importance, in the way of manufacturing interests.

The principal vegetation which clothes the surfaces of the valley of Lackawanna and its neighboring hills is, beech, maple, ash, cherry, hemlock, and in several places, pine, oak, hickory and chestnut; consequently they are fully capable of affording an abundance of the finest lumber, for its respective markets, which may, with the greatest facility, be either floated down the Susquehanna, or else transported by the rail-road and canal to the waters of the Hudson river.

The coal measures of the Lackawanna valley are unquestionably equivalent to those of other countries, and correspond in a most surprising manner, with the many descriptions that have been, from time to time, published respecting the latter, by their most eminent geologists. In this region, the various strata which compose this series of rocks, are arranged in a position nearly horizontal, forming a floor, or support to the soil and the varied vegetation which it produces. These measures extend from one of the ranges of lofty hills which define the limits of the valley, to the other; and although they occupy a situation geographically far beneath their summits, are certainly geologically above them in the group, reposing directly upon their superior stratum.

The moosic mountain is composed exclusively of the mill stone grits and shales, its eastern ragged and irregularly sloping face, is formed by the out-cropping edges of its numerous strata, arranged precisely in the manner previously described, at the Catskill mountains, and elsewhere along the course of the Delaware and Hudson canal, the superior layers being a coarse conglomerate, composed chiefly of large and small pebbles of quartz, which, in descending, by repeated alternations with the shales beneath, gradually become reduced in size until they terminate in a fine grained sandstone, much resembling in appearance, some of the common grauwackes. The upper stratum at this place, by degrees descends down to the floor of the valley, and then, after forming a support to the coal measures, which lie immediately upon it, soon bends upwards and again gradually ascends, and constitutes the summit of the western or opposite ridge of hills; here the same phenomena are repeated, only the terminating edges of the strata are in a direction towards the west.

The millstone grit and shales at this place, have been computed at about three thousand feet in thickness, which agrees in a most wonderful manner with their known depth at the Catskill mountains, where the whole of the strata which compose them may be seen at one view, cropping out to the east, and forming the face of the hills in that direction. Their superior stratum of coarse conglomerate, and that which forms the summit of the highest hills, being, it is said, that which, in every case wherever the great anthracite fields have occurred in the state of Pennsylvania, has been found immediately underlaying them; therefore, individuals who are in the habit of inspecting such places, should be extremely careful in identifying it; by so doing, much unnecessary labor and expense may be avoided, as extensive beds of anthracite or coal can never be found beneath it; so that, should either of these useful minerals ever be sought for amongst the numerous strata which compose the elevated ranges of hills constituting the boundaries of this valley, little doubt may be entertained but that the persons by whom the search is made, will find themselves in the event most sadly deceived. The true coal measures (Conybeare and Phillips,) have never been observed in the state of N. York, after the strictest investigation, whilst the millstone grit and shales occur in some parts of it in the greatest profusion, extending over many miles of its surface; therefore, coal, except in exceedingly limited quantities, may not be expected within its confines.

(To be continued.)

ODE,

Written and sung on the occasion of celebrating the 4th of July, by the Young Men's Association in the city of Albany.

Bright dawns again the morning,
Of Freedom's natal day—
When the oppressor scorning,
She took her onward way;
Her banners wave
Above the grave,
Where Tyranny is sleeping;
There they were planted by the brave
Who left them in our keeping.

We'll shield them now and ever,
Each breast a watch-fire gleams,
And in wild faction never,
Shall die their purer beams;
Around the tree,
Of Liberty,
What e'er the stand of others,
We'll meet the freest of the free,
A fearless band of brothers.

That tree our father's planted,
With valor-strengthened hand;
And now their prayer is granted,
It waves o'er all the land;
May virtue's light,
Preserve it bright,
And may it ne'er be riven,
But aye remain to cheer the sight,
To meet the smile of Heaven.

BIOGRAPHY OF

Charles Maurice Talleyrand Perigord.*

"JE PLIE ET NE ROMPS PAS."

CHAPTER I.

TALLEYRAND'S FAMILY AND BIRTH.

Great impartiality and still greater independence of opinion, should be the characteristic attributes of an historian. Where truth is the object, personal considerations should never check a free expression of thought. There is a great diversity of opinion, even in judging of an *event* which occurred under our own eyes. Why should not this diversity be far greater in reviewing the long and eventful life of an individual so active, varied and distinguished as Talleyrand?

This extraordinary man, who has had and yet possesses the greatest influence upon the results of the stormy political events of the two last centuries, is still alive, and at the age of eighty-two years, enjoys without shame, remorse or gratitude, one of the worst obtained and largest fortunes, made in the political dramas, from the beginning of 1789.

Among the numerous political weathercocks, who hold a conspicuous place in the well known French dictionary, "Des Girouettes," Talleyrand's banners are the most numerous, and his oaths of fidelity and obedienca to the different powers in France amount to——*twenty-two!* Oaths given easily, and as easily broken. "La conscience de Mr. de Talleyrand," said once the Prince Primat, Grand Duke of Frankfort, to me, "est aussi large que mon palais. Il y a place pour les nouveaux venus." This was in 1808. Since, then, how many more rooms have been filled in the vast palace of the ex-bishop's large conscience!

The house of Perigord, engrafted upon that of the Counts of Foix, sovereigns of the small province of Le Guerci, in France, traces its descent as far back as from the origin of the French monarchy. The principality of Chalais, the only one which existed in France before the age of Louis the XIV. has been for more than eight hundred years the property of this house. It must be observed here, that formerly the title of Prince was only given to the princes of the royal blood; all the r est took the title given by the court, or were admitted to it as foreign princes.

The origin of the name of Talleyrand, is not well known; some historians say that it was the name of a feudal tenure; but as the situation of the place is entirely unknown, it is more natural to suppose that it was a surname, honorably and significantly given to some member of the family of Perigord. The ancient orthography of the name of Talleyrand, which has varied at different times, seems to prove it. It was Tailleran, coming from "tailler les rangs ennemis," (cutting in pieces the ranks of the enemy,) which his companions in arms might probably have given to one of this family, who distinguished himself in a battle. In short, it was nothing else but a surname.

Many sovereign counts of Perigord, a country in the south-west of France, still called le Perigord, have this surname since the 12th century; among them is mentioned Hèlie V. son of Boson III. who lived in 1118. Boson I. their ancestor, was known under the name of Count de la Marche. The third son of Hèlie V. of the name of Hèlie Talleyrand, was the chief of the elder branch, now extinguished. The younger branch has existed until the present day, but has been subdivided into two branches; the chief of the last elder branch was the Count de Perigord, governor of Languedoc, at the time of the French Revolution; it is now represented by the Prince of Chalais. The father of Mr. de Talleyrand was of the new younger branch; but this branch has so much eclipsed the other, in the person of the ex-bishop of Autun, that it is the only one which deserves any attention, as every page of the history of the last century is filled with his name.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand Perigord, Prince of Benevento, Vice Grand Elector, Grand Chamber-

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* The writer of this Biography has given "Sketches of Talleyrand" in the N. York Knickerbocker Magazine, which were favorably received. Being requested now to give a complete biography of this truly extraordinary man, he complies by giving the entire manuscript to the Zodiac, so that it will form a complete work.

lain, &c. &c. was born in Paris, February 2d, 1754. Previously to the fall of Napoleon, he was known as the Prince of Benevento, but, since that event, has been styled Prince Talleyrand. His father was far from possessing a fortune which would enable him to support his rank with splendor.

Early in life, Charles Maurice figured among the most influential persons in France, and formed a close connection with the principal leaders of the day: to some of them, however, the outset of his political career rendered him an object of distrust. Carnot, in particular, manifested a deep-rooted aversion to the "Prêtre défroqué," as he contemptuously termed the ex-bishop of Autun. The Abbe, afterwards Cardinal Maury, although his colleague in the Assemblée Constituante, said of him, "C'est un renègat," and spoke with great vehemence against Talleyrand's proposition to confiscate the property of the clergy. The Abbe Sieyes, his schoolmate, admired his talent but feared his wit. Gen. Lafayette, in speaking of Talleyrand, said, in his usual cool and smiling manner, "C'est une girouette et un fin matou," (he is a weather-cock and a cunning fellow.) Chenier, a strenuous republican, and once his great admirer and friend, compared him to a sponge which imbibes every liquor in which it is steeped; with this difference, that the sponge, when pressed, returns the liquid it has taken, whilst our limping friend makes it his own.

Madame de Stael used often to say, "That the virtue of women has more to apprehend from witty, able and artful, than from young and handsome men." This notion seems to be confirmed in the life of Talleyrand. In looking at him, it is impossible to see a more lifeless, ill-shaped machine, hung out with a wide glittering state uniform, than Talleyrand. The greatest enervation of body, with hollow cheeks and a deathlike eye, announce the profligate, worn down and exhausted sensualist. His worn-out carcase, supported on a pair of club feet, moves slowly on in short uncertain steps. His tardy loathsome utterance shews the satiated state of his mind. He must indeed be a great physiognomist who could discover the profound and subtle ex-bishop and statesman who duped France and Europe, under this disgusting, inanimate exterior, in the dim remains of fire still visible in his eyes, or in the insipid sallow hue of his complexion. This automaton, whose countenance appears so immovable that nothing can be read in it, and of whom Murat used to say, that if, while he was speaking to you, some one should come behind him and give him a kick, his visage would betray no indication of the affront. With all this, in presence of a lovely woman, he became animated, sprightly, and so eloquent and witty, that soon his ugliness was forgotten, and a profound impression remained, which sooner or later inspired an ardent passion for this deceitful ugly carcase, and caused the ruin of many lovely and virtuous women, who too late, have had much to regret. It must be admitted, that one whose career belongs to so many epochs, one who has passed unscathed through so many political convulsions, and still, as the horizon blackened, seemed to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm," one who has survived the old Regime, the Assemblee Constituante, the reign of terror, the directory, the consular power, the empire, and the final fall of the Bourbons, still rising on the wreck of each crumbling dynasty, might well engender in others, that sour and sullen spirit, in which envy is ever ready to rail at vice, when its rewards fall not to her share.

Talleyrand is one of those rare persons who can boast, that whether he stemmed the torrent or floated with the stream, he still rose proudly above the waves which engulphed so many of his contemporaries. Monarchs have been made and unmade—dynasties have flourished and faded—nations and empires have risen and fallen—but the architect who had so prominent a share in rearing the political Babel has survived its wreck. Following all the changes of his times, he has outlived them all, and may boast the bad pre-eminence of having been the most licentious and corrupt of the clergy and ministry of France.

Bonaparte in his own Memoirs from St. Helena, and in those of Warden, O'Meara, Las Casas, Bertrand and Montholon, says of Talleyrand, "that he was a rogue, a liar, an intriguer, a villain, and the most corrupt man he had ever known, but at times very clever!" and Buonaparte used to reply to those who asked him why he had chosen two such men as Fouché and Talleyrand for his ministers, "I chose them as men of talents, although I knew them both to be rogues; but surely they were of more use to me than honest simpletons." In these few words, Bonaparte characterizes his own government much better than Sir Walter Scott has done in a thousand pages of his Life of Napoleon.

Talleyrand deserves the title of High Admiral of all the crowned heads in the world; he is the most experienced sailor of our times: no storm, no whirlpool has been able to shipwreck *him*. You may think you have caught him, but he glides away, as an eel would escape through your fingers. He has safely returned from London to Paris, where he lived some years ago, in a high style, from the spoils he had gained, and distributed (in 1834,) cards to amuse himself at the expense of his credulous dupes. He has now retired to his fine country seat at Valencay, old but still possessing a great influence over the cabinet of Louis Philippe.

Talleyrand, Count de Perigord, had the misfortune of being born club-footed; and when his mother bare a second son, the father insisted to her great regret, that Augustus her new-born son, should be considered as the eldest and enjoy the rights of primogeniture, to the detriment of Charles Maurice. These rights or *majorats* are, as in England, Spain, Italy and Germany, where the aristocracy of birth is completely established; the eldest son inherits not only the titles of the father, but also his estates, revenues, privileges, &c. and the other children receive but small legacies, and are entirely dependant upon his generosity.

Maurice was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice, and was there remarkable only as a silent and haughty youth, who passed all his time among his books. But he soon showed the greatest inclination to embrace the profession of arms. His mother, an excellent woman, very fond of her son,* but very religious, was afraid he might be lost on entering the army, knowing full well the bad principles of the officers in regard to religion; she therefore ardently desired that her son should devote himself to the church. This design was so strongly engraven in her mind, that she dreamed one night of having seen an apparition, which urged her to compel her son to become a minister of God; if not, both mother and child would be lost forever. Full of terror and anxiety, she sent the next morning for her son, related her dream with tears, and conjured him to renounce this world, enter holy orders, and leave to his younger brother the majorat belonging to him. She also dwelt upon the impossibility of his being admitted into the army, on account of lameness, which would expose him to ridicule and sarcasm. As at this time no nobleman could embrace any other profession than those of the army, diplomacy or church, he requested his mother to grant him some days for reflection, and he at length yielded to her entreaties.

This struggle between inclination and duty gave a powerful bias to a character by nature at once strong and pliable.

* In "Bonaparte's Court and Camp," the Biographer of Talleyrand states erroneously, (p. 184,) "that being club-footed, he became an object of dislike, and a sort of out-cast. He was never suffered to enjoy the comfort of living in his father's family. It is said he *never* slept under the paternal roof." I can positively assert to the contrary: he was and has been very much beloved by his parents, and particularly by his mother, whom I well knew when at Paris.

ODE—OUR NATION.

Written and sung on the occasion of celebrating the 4th July, by the Young Men's Association, in the city of Albany.

Our Nation! 'tis with noble pride
We speak thy cherish'd name!
With kindling souls we see thee glide
Upon thy track of fame—
We think of all that thou hast been,
Of all thou art to be—
Our Nation! let it sound again!
A nation of the free.

Thy mighty streams still keep their way,
The life-blood of the land;
Thy lakes are stretching far away
To meet the distant strand;
And proudly o'er the ocean's breast
Thy flags are floating free—
Our Nation! honor'd be thy crest,
By all on land and sea!

Our Nation! far from shore to shore
Extends thy broad domain,
Thy mountains rise, as watching o'er
Each fair and fertile plain;
Thy prairies sleep like islands sweet,
Begirt by forests old—
Our Nation! thee with joy we greet,
A Nation of the bold.

Our Nation! o'er thee beams the light
Which Science joys to fling;
And blest Religion meets the sight,
Borne on celestial wing;
She comes and in her radiant train
Bright spirits meet the view;
Our Nation! may'st thou long remain
A Nation of the true.

THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER.

One may take an interest, and even lend some assistance, in public affairs, without sacrificing either time or resources in the pursuit; wretched, indeed, must be the employment which requires every spare minute for the gaining of the means of subsistence, and leaves no period of leisure for the individual to think of himself in the character of a member of a great community. It is one thing, however, to think of these matters in moderation, and another to indulge in them to an excess. We have known people make themselves positively unhappy by planning ways and means on behalf of the public—nay, ruin themselves, by a neglect of their ordinary professional avocations; all from a half-crazy anxiety about what did not concern them, and in what they could not possibly effect the smallest service. This kind of character is not new; it was remarked by the last century dramatists and essayists, both of whom have humorously satirised it. The following is Addison's sketch of such a personage, whom he entitles the Political Upholsterer. We will recollect that it was written about

a hundred and twenty years ago.—*Chambers's Journal.*

"There lived some years since, within my neighborhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbors. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman, and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbors were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children, but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favorite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

"This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbor the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great-coat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender. I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him, whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, no. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely what are your thoughts of the King of Sweden?—for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. But pray, said he, do you think there is any thing in the story of his wounds? And finding me surprised at the question, nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the heel, says he, more than in any other part of the body? Because, said I, the bullet chanced to light there.

"This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The Daily Courant, says he, has these words—'we have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious; but the Postboy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now, the Postman, says he, who used to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words—'the late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.' This certain prince, says the upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be ———. Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worthy my while to make him repeat.

"We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

"The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us that he looked upon these extraordinary revolutions, which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have arisen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff and the Dutchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

"When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negociations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

"I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away, but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stands."

We have extracted the following Introductory Essay from Hartley Coleridge's "Lives of some of the worthies of Yorkshire," a work which will not probably be republished in this country. The author is the eldest son of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whom he is said to resemble in many respects, and has attained a high rank both by his poetry and prose:

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

What duller looking volume than a Parish Register? What drier commentary on the trite text, *Mors omnibus communis?* What is it, but a barren abstract of the annals of mortality—

———Where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history?

It might, indeed, set on a calculator, or a life-insurance broker, to compute the comparative duration of life in different periods; a Shandean philosopher to speculate on the successive fashions in christian names; a manuscript-hunter to note down the revolutions of penmanship; or a moral economist to infer the progress of corruption from the increase of illegitimate births: but to men whose thoughts and feelings travel in the "high-way of the world," its all-levelling uniformity presents neither amusement nor instruction.

But suppose an aged man to open this same volume, and, seated in the midst of a circle of his fellow-parishioners, run his eye along the time-discolored pages, and relate his recollections, and his father's and his great-great-grandfather's recollections of every name in the list, though perhaps few had done more than erect a new dial, or leave the interest of £5 to be distributed on New-Year's Day to twenty poor widows; yet his talk would not be devoid of interest to such as "find a tale in every thing," and that all of whom he spake had been born within hearing of the same church clock, would infuse a family-feeling into his narratives.—He would be a local biographer.

If a few leading characters be excepted, who often owe their exception more to fortune and circumstance than to their intrinsic power, the notices of men in general histories are very much like the Parish Register:—consisting of names and dates, and events in which the bulk of the species are as passive as in their own birth and death. Nor can the majority of readers derive any thing from such histories, better than empty speculations, not quite so trifling, perhaps, but quite as foreign to their "business and bosoms," as those of the virtuosos before mentioned. *Biography* is required, like the old man, to give history a human meaning and purpose.

It is, indeed, frequently asserted, that biography is a most important *part* of history; and if by history we mean all such knowledge as rests upon testimony—as distinguished from science, which is grounded on demonstration, or on experiment—this is undoubtedly true. But it is more for our purpose, to consider biography as the *antithesis* of history; to divide the knowledge of the past, founded on testimony, into history and biography. The distinction we would draw, is not between an inclusive *greater*, and an included *less*, as geography is distinguished from topography, but rather such as obtains between mechanical philosophy and chemistry; the former of which calculates the powers of bodies in mass,—the latter analyses substances, and explains their operations by their composition.

The facts of the same life may be considered either biographically or historically. If the acts or circumstances of an individual are related only as they bear upon the public interests—if the man be regarded as a state engine, no matter whether he be the steam engine that sets the whole in motion, or one of the most insignificant spindles—if his fortune be set forth, not for any personal interest to be taken therein, but merely as an instance, proof, cause, or consequence, of the general destiny—such an account, though it admitted nothing that did not originate from, or tend towards, a single person, ought not to be called a biography, but a history. Thus Robertson's Charles V. is not a life of Charles V. but a history of Europe in the age of Charles V. On the other hand, the private memoirs of a public character are no necessary part of public history. Anecdotes of kings, and ministers, courtiers and mistresses, do not explain the state of a nation; they are only so far historical as they indicate the average of morals; and in this point of view they are often extremely delusive,—for the court is not the dial plate of the national heart. We have been led to state this, though not perhaps in the direct line of our argument, because the substituting a very exceptionable kind of court biography for true national history is a mistake often practically made, and very mischievous; not only because it bestows the dignity of history on prurient or malignant scandal, but because it breeds a false belief that the welfare and distress of communities are doled out at the discretion of a few fine dressed individuals, who, according to the popular temper, become idols or abominations.

A portion of history does, indeed, enter into all biography. The interests of individuals are so implicated in those of the community, that the life of the most domestic female could not be justly understood without some knowledge of the politics of the time in which she lived. Now what to one age is *politics*, becomes *history* to all that succeed. The impossibility of writing the annals of a nation without recording the acts, words, and characters of many men in that nation, is obvious. But a philosophical historian always has his eye fixed on an *event*, or a *principle:* individual interests and personal characters he considers but as water-drops in the "mighty stream of tendency." If he weighs Scipio against Hannibal, it is because they represented Carthage and Rome: if he drops a tear at Philippi, it is not for Brutus, but for the republic. Whatever diverts attention from the onward course of things, without representing their general aspect, is, in a history, out of place, just as much as anecdotes of physicians and patients, or puffing descriptions of steam-packets, watering places, and the Island of Madeira, in a scientific treatise of medicine. The more interesting such episodes may be, the more they obstruct the historian's legitimate purpose; for the proper interest of history is of a very high abstract quality, and consists chiefly in observing the operation of great principles upon communities in long periods of time; in remarking how the seeming contradictions of facts, tempers, and opinions unite in one result, as this planet, in which there are at every moment so many millions of conflicting motions,—mechanical, chemical, vital, and voluntary, diverging and converging in every possible direction, is still itself moving along the same everlasting way. The motion of the heavens is a sublime contemplation; so are the great ordained revolutions of empires, magnificent subjects of thought. But to understand either the one or the other; to reduce the multitude of phænomena under a law of unity; and again to trace that law in the infinite detail of its operations; to verify general conclusions by fit inductions; to prove what

really is the centre and source of motion and change, and what is inertly and passively moved; is a slow, dry, laborious work of intellect, requiring an intense and continuous attention, which few minds can sustain, and none will find agreeable. For in all abstract processes, besides the strong exertion of one faculty, which, as conveying the sense of power, may be pleasurable, it is necessary to keep others under an almost painful constraint. The mind must be held, if the phrase may be allowed, in *decomposition*. No wonder, then, if it seize eagerly on the first opportunity of returning to its natural state, and bringing the imagination and sympathies into play. Hence the introduction of biographical, or human interest, into political history, indisposes both reader and writer for the hard passionless spirit of inquiry, so essentially necessary, to arrive at those grand principles which convert facts into truths; principles in the light whereof a statesman ought to read the past, and without which history is, for all political application, something worse than an old almanac. For it should be left to the *administrators* of the laws to seek for precedents; the *makers* of laws should regard only principles. Facts, for antiquaries; examples, for school boys; precedents, for lawyers; principles, for legislators. Let us take an instance, in the reign of our own Elizabeth. Does not our interest in the beautiful Queen of Scotland interfere with our attention to the interests of the public? and is that interest at all more *historical*, in the strict sense of the word, than that we take in the fortunes of Desdemona or Clarissa? Or, to go back a little, are not fair Rosamond, and Jane Shore, in popular recollection, the most prominent characters in their respective epochs; epochs memorable for great changes in society, and rapid development of the constitution? Let us not deceive ourselves after the manner of those that write, or perhaps rather of those that *buy*, pretty books for children. The romance of history only differs from other romances by requiring no invention.

But it will be said, that it is quite natural that we should care more about *persons*, who are our fellow creatures, than about state interests and revolutions, which, in the aggregate, are *brute* forces, as unsympathizing as the lever, the pulley, or the steam-engine; and that most people would find history very tiresome, if it were written according to the idea above proposed. To this we answer, that we do not wish history, for general perusal, to be so written. We only wish to distinguish the peculiar end, object, and function of history from that of biography.

In history all that belongs to the individual is exhibited in subordinate relation to the commonwealth: in biography, the acts and accidents of the commonwealth are considered in their relation to the individual, as influences by which his character is formed or modified—as *circumstances* amid which he is placed—as the sphere in which he moves, or the material he works with. The man, with his works, his words, his affections, his fortunes, is the end and aim of all. He does not, indeed, as in a panegyric, stand alone like a statue, but like the central figure of a picture, around which others are grouped in due subordination and perspective, the general circumstances of his times forming the back and fore ground. In history, the man, like the earth in the Copernican hypothesis, is part of a system; in biography, he is like the earth in the ancient Cosmogony, the centre and the final cause of the system.

There is one species of history which may with great propriety be called biographical, to which we do not remember to have heard the term applied;—we mean that wherein an order, institution, or people, are invested with personality, and described as possessing an unity of will, conscience, and responsibility;—as sinning, repenting, believing, apostatizing, &c. Of this, the first and finest sample is in the Old Testament, where Israel is constantly addressed, and frequently spoken of, as an individual; and the final restoration of the descendants of Abraham is treated as the redemption of ONE body from disease, of ONE soul from perdition. The scripture *personality* of Israel is something far other, and infinitely more real, than the *personification* of Brittannia; and points at a profounder mystery than human sense can ever interpret.

Much has been said about the usefulness of history, meaning thereby the history of nations; and hardly too much can be said if regard be had to the community and its rulers; for it makes the past a factor to buy up experience for the present; and enables the purged eye to "look into the the seeds of time." But if the consideration be private, fireside, *moral* usefulness, we think the benefits of historical reading, as a necessary department of education, or a profitable employment of leisure hours, have been very much exaggerated. It may, indeed, do no harm, for the same reason that it does no good, viz. because it takes no hold; it glides away like globules of crude quicksilver over a smooth surface, or at most is deposited in the shew-room of the memory:—because no conclusion, applicable to common life, can be drawn from it; because it excites no sense of reality. It is gone through as a task,—by children on compulsion, by *young people* as a merit. The most remarkable thing about your history-reading young ladies, is the self-satisfaction with which they turn over the pages; and in truth, they might be doing much worse, but might they not also be doing much better? To make this sort of reading available for any purpose, requires very deep and wide research, and harder thinking than we would gladly see young brows furrowed withal; for not one man in a thousand, not one woman in a million, is called upon to make any use of their politic wisdom when they have got it, and nothing is more likely to delude and puzzle simple persons in the exercise of their political rights, than a superficial acquaintance with the heads of history. But this same politic wisdom itself, even when genuine, and not a puffed conceit, is one of the most mischievous fruits of the tree of knowledge, and if the mind be not fortified with good and sufficient antidotes, is a moral poison. Why is the "murderous Machiavél" a bye word of abhorrence? Whence is it, that while the bloody deeds of conquerors shine fair in story and in song, as the wounds of the faithful in moslem Paradise, the master-strokes of the subtle politicians, of the Richelieus and Bedomars, only appear as letters of sulphurous flame, writing their own condemnation? Because the heart of man gives honor to bravery, which is nature's gift, but has no respect for the wisdom which grows of experience in evil ways. Now the study of history in books can give only the same kind of knowledge, and the same habits of mind, as men long versed in public affairs gain by actual experience; the impression will, indeed, be much fainter, the effect for good or ill much less potent, but it is the same as far as it goes. It is like the knowledge of the world acquired by keeping bad company. Now the study of biography has at least this advantage, that it enables the student to select his companions. If he chooses Colonel Jack, or Moll Flanders, it is his own fault. But history not only continually exhibits the doings of bad men, but it exhibits only the bad, or at any rate the worse, acts of good ones; for most men are better in their private than in their public relations.

Frail and corrupt as human nature is, it is by no means so hateful, so utterly forsaken of heaven, as the transactions of kingdoms and republics (there is little difference between the two) would incline us to think. The best part, even of the most conspicuous characters, is that which makes the least shew and the least noise. And after all, the history of nations is only the history of a small portion of the life of a very few men.

We cannot be supposed to censure the study of history: we only wish it to be properly balanced by studies which tend to keep the eye of man upon his own heart, upon the sphere of his immediate duties, of those duties, where his affections are to be exercised and regulated, and which, considering man as a person, consider him as sentient, intelligent, moral, and immortal. For simply to think of a man as a sentient being, is inconsistent with that hard-hearted policy which would employ him, reckless of his suffering or enjoyment, like a wedge or a rivet, to build up the idol temple of a false national greatness; to regard him as intelligent, or rather as capable of intelligence, condemns the system that would keep him in ignorance to serve the purposes of his rulers, as game cocks are penned up in the dark that they may fight the better; to regard him as moral, corrects the primary conception of national prosperity; and to revere him as immortal, commands peremptorily that he shall never be made a tool or instrument to any end in which his own permanent welfare is not included.

It is in all these capacities that the biographer considers his subjects. He speaks of actions, not as mere links in the concatenation of events, but as the issues of a responsible will. He endeavors to place himself at the exact point, in relation to general objects, in which his subject was placed, and to see things as *he* saw them—not, indeed, neglecting to avail himself of the vantage ground which time or circumstances may have given him to correct what was delusive in the partial aspect, but never forgetting, while he exposes the error, to explain its cause.

TO MARY.

On thy young brow, my cousin, twenty years
Have shed their sunshine—and this April morn
Looks on thee fresh and gladsome, as new-born
From veiling clouds the King of Day appears:
Thou scarce canst order back the thankful tears
That swell in thy blue eyes—nor dare to meet
The happy looks that never cease to greet
Thee, the dear nursling of our hopes and fears.
This Eastertide together we have read
How, in the garden, when that weeping one
Asked sadly for her Lord of some unknown,
With look of sweet reproof he turned and said,
MARY—sweet cousin, when thy need shall be,
That word, that look, so may he turn on thee.

Alford.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

In the year 1826, in one of the hottest days of that very hot summer, we were seated on the outside front seat of the Telegraph coach from Carlisle to Glasgow, and beside us a young Londoner, on his first trip beyond the suburbs of the metropolis, whose remarks on the strange outlandish country he was just entering, were not a little amusing. His peculiar fitness for becoming a tourist, in the land of the mountain and flood, may at once be seen in all its bearings, from a single remark which he ventured to make on the Nith. The river was not then, it may well be supposed, as it might be at Lammas, raging from bank to brae, and pouring down into the Solway all the accumulated waters of the swollen burns of Cumnock and Leadhills; but the great dryness and heat of the season had contracted its waters into a series of pools as dark-brown as the moss-hags at its source, these communicating at intervals with swift running streams, at times sweeping smoothly over a water-worn rock, and at others gurgling in network ripples over stones and gravel, while the hazels, the rowan-trees, and the birks, bent them over the waters most lovingly—by turns shading and concealing, or letting out glimpses of the river in the openings along the banks.

This was indeed the romantic Nith, celebrated in a thousand songs; but all its beauties were lost on our young southern tourist, who, in the simplicity of his heart, said, "it looked very much like a ditch,"—Fleet Ditch, mayhap, or the weed-grown and frog-haunted water-fences in Plaistow Level or Battersea Fields. Shade of Burns! how a Nithsdale man would have felt insulted by such a libel on his native Nith; yet, after all, we must abide by the sensible old proverb, that there is no disputing about taste, for, while the Nithsdale man would enjoy his summer's walk on the banks of the Nith, to "hear the mavis' e'ening sang," or to go forth, like Solomon of old, to see whether the fruit-trees budded, the Londoner would no less enjoy—in a different vein, we grant, but he would enjoy—an evening at Bagnigge Wells Tavern Gardens, bounded by the aforesaid Fleet Ditch, redolent of all unsavoury odours collected from the kennels of Kentish Town and Battle Bridge. In these ditch-bounded gardens, he could not indeed hear a mavis sing from its native woods, but he might hear the wonderful Herr Vogel, the bird imitator from High Germany, perform all the songs of all the singing birds, from the nightingale to the tom-tit, much better than the birds themselves; and best of all, he could call for his half-pint of porter or his glass of ale, and not be obliged to purchase a whole bottle when he wished only for a mouthful. They order these things very differently in Scotland, as our tourist soon discovered.

On arriving at the village of Thornhill—supposed by some to be the Kippletringan of Guy Mannering—the parching sun-heat suggested to our tourist the propriety of calling for a glass of ale. "What's

yere wull, sir?" said the bare-headed and bare-footed girl that performed the office of waitress. "A glass of ale!" reiterated the thirsty tourist. "We canna break a bottle, sir," replied the girl. The Londonner started at this announcement; but he was given to understand that in the wild country where he now sojourned, malt liquors are solely conserved in bottles, and never kept on the draught.—"But I cannot drink a quart bottle while the horses are being watered," said the young man. "Ou, ay, but ye could aiblins get somebody to help ye out wi' it," remarked the hostler, the successor, it might be, of the well known Jock Jabos. The tourist muttered something about imposition and Scotch cunning; and the horses being now ready to start, we drove on, our companion, with his thirst unquenched, remaining sulky, and not inclined to talk, while we indulged in a musing fit on the consequences of keeping malt liquors in bottles or on the draught; apparently a very unpromising subject, but more important, notwithstanding, than it seems; for we made out to our own satisfaction, that this trivial circumstance might serve to mark a striking national distinction, either as a cause or a consequence, between the two kingdoms of England and Scotland.

A Scots mechanic, when he inclines to taste a little porter or ale, first reflects, that, as he cannot, any more than the English tourist, very well drink a whole bottle at once, he must have somebody to help him out with it; and with this view takes with him some kindred spirit to the alehouse, where the bottle is had and paid for by the original proposer. If the ale be good, sparkling, genuine Edinburgh or Alloa, a bottle is rather more than enough even for the two companions; and before it is finished, they begin to get cracky, and in the humour for telling anecdotes, till they imagine they have already sat too long without doing something more for the good of the house. The proposer seeming in no haste to rise, his companion feels himself bound in honor to call for another bottle. This second medicum brings them from cracky to reezy; they are not fou, but just have plenty, could they be so persuaded; but drink—we mean strong drink—creates instead of quenching thirst, and the second bottle leads to a third—

> The night drives on wi' sangs and clatter,
> And aye the yill is growing better.

till both the companions are—in a state it is needless to describe; but which, we lament to say, too frequently occurs, and always leading to ulterior ruination, or at least to great moral and physical injury.

Next day, instead of getting to work, the two intemperates, as drinkers are always dry, must have their morniug—something "to quench their lowin' drouth"—and not retaining their evening's relish for the ale, they prefer a dram of Glenlivet or Ferintosh. Although the Scots publicans, or vintners, as they prefer to be called, do not sell their whisky *only* in quart bottles, but are ready to measure as small a quantity as a thistle-glass holding about three thimblefuls, that circumstance does not prevent our two drinkers from repeating the dose; and on they go with the whiskey as they had done with the ale on the previous day, and probably continue during the week to get regularly drunk every day, till all their money and credit are exhausted, and they are forced back to their work by sheer necessity.—Burns' description of such a pair is true to the life:

> "At his elbow Souter Johnny,
> His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
> Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
> *They had been fou for weeks thegither.*"

In England, matters are so differently managed, that the preceding circumstances, as we have imagined them, could scarcely occur. In the first place, the ale or porter is usually kept on the draught, or, when bottled, is sold high to the more wealthy and particular customers, and a mechanic would as readily order wine as malt liquor in the bottle. From the butt, then, he can have as small a quantity as a single glass, and of course requires nobody to help him to drink that; and besides, malt liquor on the draught is rarely so brisk and heady as when bottled, so that a single glass of Edinburgh or Alloa will do more to set a man's head agog, than two or three of the common draught ale or porter of England.

The English mechanic may, upon occasion, ask a companion "to stand som'at," but he more commonly betakes himself to some neighboring tap-room, and becomes "hail fellow well met," with whoever he finds there, as far as conversation goes, for there is rarely any community as regards the liquors drunk. Each guest chooses for himself, and pays for what he has, or gets it chalked upon the landlord's bar slate. He offers none to those near him or around him, and they offer none to him.—Neither does he ever think for a moment of doing more than he likes on account of the house, but will sit over his half-pint of porter, smoking, or reading the newspaper, for hours together, beside a good fire and a blazing candle. It never once crosses his mind, that the landlord's profit on his poor half-pint will not pay for fire and candle, much less for house-rent and attendance. It is no business of his, and the landlord must look to it himself; and he will not call for more than he can drink or can pay for, to add to any man's profits. He pays for his half-pint, and, in so paying, conceives he makes himself free of the house for the remainder of the day, and therefore never dreams that he is acting meanly though he call for no more.

The reflecting Scotsman could not enter into the feelings of this southern mechanic, but, after the first quarter of an hour he has been in the house, will begin to imagine the landlord would suspect him of meanness or poverty were he to order nothing more than half a pint of porter. Even without a companion to help him, then, the Scots mechanic, if he were inclined to sit, would go on ordering pint after pint, merely to prevent the landlord suspecting him of the meanness of enjoying a seat by the fireside with a candle to read by, and affording him in return no profit from the sale of his liquors to pay for the same. In England, accordingly, such a Scotsman might get tipsy or drunk from the fear of being deemed mean, while an Englishman would please himself only, and let the landlord think of him what he chose.

The natural consequences of the two opposite practices must be, in all cases not modified by strong controlling circumstances, that the Scotsman becomes a drunkard and the Englishman a tippler—two very distinct things, as we request the reader to remark, though often confounded in common parlance. The drunkard's family, if he have one, suffers as he himself does, the pains and penalties incident to a week or more of lost time, and the loss of earnings for as much longer. With the family of the tippler, it is far different. From his first visit to the tap-room, the money spent must come off the weekly sum which ought all to go to his family.—It is but a penny, certainly, for half a pint of beer; but when he has three, four, or more half-pints in the course of the day—nay, probably, whole pints—it will amount, during the week, to some shillings, with which shillings he ought rather to buy bread for his children. How many thousands of our artizans might have been wealthy, or in comfortable and respectable circumstances, if they had but known the value of a single penny, and withstood the petty temptations that lead to its improper disposal!

As a set-off, to use an attorney's phrase, against the length of time an Englishman may burn the ale-house fire and candle while drinking a glass of beer, the landlord never furnishes any eatables gratuitously. Although his staple stock in trade consists of liquors, he is licensed under the name of a victualler; and even when he does not lay himself out for providing dinners, if his connection or his locality be unsuitable for this, he always keeps a supply of bread and cheese It would be a waste of his stock, and an inroad on his profits, however, were he to bestow on the drinker of half a pint of beer a gratuitons crust of bread and cheese; and when the drinker wants such a relish, he calls for it, and is charged about a penny for bread, and twopence for cheese. For foot travellers with light purses, this is exceedingly convenient, and renders England the most comfortable country in the worid for such pedestrians.

Here, again, Scotland is very different. In regular roadside inns, it is indeed possible to get something eatable, such as a slice of broiled ham—that is, Scotch hung-beef, and a very delicious article it is when well cured—or perhaps a Welsh rabbit; but the family cheese or kebbuck, and the well-filled basket of bread, are not usually considered as stock in trade in a Scotch alehouse, and are not for sale. On occasions, however, slices of the "kebbuck" and pieces of the well-baked "ait-meal cake" are freely imparted—given to the wayfarer, if not to satisfy his hunger, at least to relish the liquid refreshment placed before him. Thus, in the words of the old song—

> "The carlin brought the kebbuck ben,
> Wi' girdle cakes weel toasted brown;
> Weel does the cannie kimmer ken
> What gars the swats gae glibber down."

We were once agreeably instructed in this trait of national peculiarity, at the primitive village of Traquair, in Peeblesshire. We had in the morning walked from Selkirk to visit the birthplace of Mungo Park, the ill-fated African traveller, and had partaken of the hospitality of his intelligent brother, namely, cakes and cheese, wi'h whisky and water to wash it down withal. We then proceeded on our pilgrimage across the heathery hills that overlook the Tweed, to visit the traditional "Bonny bush aboon Traquair:" but the fresh air of Tweedside, and the exertion of walking so many long Scots miles, had entirely disposed of our substantial Selkirk breakfast, as well as Mr. Park's no less substantial oat-cake, by four o'clock in the afternoon, when we arrived hungry and thirsty at a cottage pointed out to us as a change-house at the entrance of Traquair. The stock of liquor in this house, however, was limited to whisky, and, on our asking for something to eat, we were given to understand that the landlord only sold drink. "What! have ye no bread?" said we. "Ou, ay, plenty, but we dinna sell't;" and forthwith the gudewife produced her bread and cheese, of which she had ample store, and into which we made no small inroad; but on settling our bill nothing was charged except for the whisky; and when reminded of the omission ot the eatables, the answer was, "Na, na, we never sell bread and cheese; ye're welcome till't." Not to be outdone with this excess of hospitality, the token of an unsophisticated state of manners, we bestowed a trifle on a curly-headed child, who had stuck itself in a corner with its fingers in its mouth from *mauvaise honte*, or blateness, as its mother expressed it. We were, besides, well recompensed for the privations of our journey, as, independent of "the bonny bush," immortalised by Ramsay, we made the notable discovery (so it appeared to us, gainsay it who may) of the locale of Bradwardine Castle in Waverley; for when we came to the Earl of Traquair's gate, there we saw the two great bears rampant in grey lichen-crusted stone, and all the accessories described as appertaining to the policies or domains of the baron's residence. So complete was the picture, that we almost expected to see pretty Rose Bradwardine, one of the finest of Scott's fine creations, walking in the long avenue, or daft Davie Gellatly riding on the stone fence. How we should have relished a couple of Davie's roasted eggs, we shall not at present stop to record.

EVERY DAY'S EMPLOY.

I have found peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky:
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by:

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love:
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove;

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought:
In calm half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught;

But seldom have I found such peace
As in the soul's deep joy
Of passing onward free from harm
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high;
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy. *Alford.*

From the Anthology.

EPITAPH ON A GOOD PHYSICIAN.

When Magnon's soul went down to hell
The indignant Pluto said,
"Hence! lord of medicine's potent spell,
You must not raise the dead."

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR JUNE, 1836,

KEPT AT THE ALBANY ACADEMY.

Days Mo.	MORNING.			EVENING.			THERMOMETER.				WINDS.			WEATHER.		Rain Gage.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Dew Point.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Dew Point.	6½ A.M	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	Mean.	8 A. M.	Noon.	10 P.M.	Morning.	Evening.		
1	30.165	59°	45°	30.07	65°50	41°	45	80	60	62.33	SE	E	SE	Clear.	Clear.		
2	30.165	62.50	44.	30.13	68.25	49.	49	82	66	67.17	E	E	E	do	do		
3	30.18	68.50	54.	30.155	67.	53.	58	74	66	66.33	SE	SE	S	do	Cloudy.		
4	30.12	64.	56.	30.13	65.50	63.	60	69	63	64.00	NNW	NNW	NNW	do	do	0.04	Rain.
5	30.225	66.	65.	30.235	68.25	60.	60	74	65	66.50	N	SE	N	Cloudy.	do		Aurora 9 P. M.
6	30.25	66.	62.	30.23	69.	63.	61	76	68	69.00	N	SE	SE	do	do	0.12	Rain.
7	30.205	67.50	66.	30.105	70.25	64.	65	81	69	71.83	SW	S	SW	do	Clear.		
8	30.13	69.	67.	30.10	73.75	63.	66	84	72	73.83	SW	SE	N	do	Cloudy.		Aurora faint.
9	30.21	74.25	66.	30.14	77.	69.	65	86	68	72.00	NW	NW	N	Clear.	Clear.		
10	30.30	69.	51.	30.19	75.50	60.	59	85	66	70.83	N	S	S	do	do		
11	29.94	71.	64.	29.86	72.75	62.	64	81	68	70.00	S	S	S	do	do	0.48	Rain evening.
12	30.12	65.	56.	30.13	67.75	52.	58	68	58	60.00	NW	NW	NW	do	do		
13	30.32	64.50	45.	30.25	67.25	40.	50	76	58	61.67	N	N	NE	do	do		
14	30.23	64.	57.	30.07	69.50	51.	52	76	68	66.33	S	SW	SW	do	do		
15	30.12	68.75	51.	30.16	67.50	42.	58	70	53	59.83	NW	NW	NW	do	do		
16	30.23	64.50	42.	30.05	71.	56.	55	78	56	64.67	S	S	S	do	do		
17	30.01	72.50	68.	29.935	70.50	67.	65	74	62	66.83	S	NW	NE	do	Cloudy.	1.16	Rain.
18	29.975	69.	68.	29.84	75.	72.	64	77	69	70.83	NE	S	N	Cloudy.	do	0.42	Rain.
19	29.925	72.	67.	29.875	70.	66.	69	72	56	62.33	NW	N	NW	Clear.	do	2.70	Rain.
20	29.97	60.	56.25	30.01	58.50	53.25	49	62	50	54.17	NE	NE	N	Cloudy.	do		
21	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	52	60	54	56.00	NW	N	E	do	do	0.02	Rain.
22	.....	.....	.....	30.11	64.	54.	56	63	58	59.00	N	NNE	SE	do	Clear.		
23	30.16	60.	54.	30.155	61.	54.	56	64	57	58.67	SE	SE	SE	do	Cloudy.		
24	30.21	62.	50.	30.225	62.	49.	54	66	58	59.33	W	SE	SE	Clear.	do		
25	30.23	59.	56.	30.175	62.	56.	54	65	57	59.67	NW	SE	SE	Cloudy.	do		
26	30.19	62.	56.	30.155	63.	59.	60	65	68	64.00	S	SW	SW	Clear.	do	0.42	Rain.
27	30.105	65.50	58.	30.025	69.	60.	58	70	68	65.67	N	NW	W	Cloudy.	Clear.		
28	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	60	84	64	69.67	N	N	E	do	do	0.30	Rain.
29	.....	.....	.....	30.075	70.50	62.	62	78	65	68.33	N	SW	NW	Clear.	Cloudy.	0.01	Rain.
30	30.10	68.50	66.	30.02	74.	70.	62	83	72	73.00	S	SE	SW	do	Clear.		

RESULTS.

External Thermometer. °

Mean of first half of the month,..... 66.77
Mean of second half of the month,..... 63.47
Mean of the whole month, ... 65.12
Highest deg. 86; lowest 45.
Rain Gage, 5 inches and 67-100ths.
Warmest day, 8th; coldest day, 20th.

Winds.—North 7 days; north-east 1¾; east 2; south-east 5¾; south 5; south-west 3; west ¾; north-west 5. Prevailing wind, *north*.

Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity, and reduced to 32°.

Morning, ... 30.102 inches.
Noon, ... 30.068 do.
3 P. M..... 30.050 do.
Evening, ... 30.047 do.
12 P. M..... 30.073 do.
Maximum,..... 30.32 do.
Minimum, ... 29.84 do.
Monthly range,..... 0.48 do.

Dew Point.

Mean in morning, ... 57° 31
Mean in evening,..... 57° 50
Mean force of vapor, 0.515 inches.
Mean deg. of dryness, 10° 10 thermometric scale.
do. moisture, 725. nat. scale Hygrom.
Least degree of moisture observed, 400.
Amount of evaporation, ... 6.150 inches.

Weight of Vapor in a cubic foot.

Mean,.. .. .. 5.642 grains.
Maximum,..... 8.873 do.
Minimum,..... 3.068 do.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

We rejoice to see among us symptoms of a growing interest in German literature, having some time been convinced that this is the very culture we want to counterpoise the natural influences which, amid all our so-called prosperity, are threatening to blight every poetic bud, and turn the American mind into a spiritual spinning jenny, set in motion by no higher impulse than that of utility, understood in its lowest sense—a vulgar, sordid, eating and drinking utility. 'Tis true that we must be for many years a hard-working, time and money-saving people, and that there will not be much time or talent to spare for forming a national literature or cultivating the fine arts. But let us not flatter ourselves, and cajole one another into a belief that we are fast advancing towards the highest state of perfection, because we are free from debt, and our internal improvements, both by land and water, going on rapidly. Let us not forget that there are internal improvements of another sort very proper to immortal beings; and beware, lest in a contented ignorance we turn our backs upon what is elegant, refined, and imaginative, because it will do nothing either for steamboat or rail-road, and is therefore stigmatized as not being "practical" No word is so frequently used as this in our somewhat prosaic state of society, and yet, though so confidently, often mistakingly used. Not practical! Is nothing practical that has no immediate effect on matter? Is no man practical who cannot with the quickness of a conjurer convert his thoughts into pounds, shillings, and pence? Whatever has its birth in the uncorrupted human soul, is and must ever be practical. We are told by a wise one of an earlier day, that it is our duty, "not indeed to mortify or murder sense, but to keep it chained at the feet of intellect." Every foreign observer who passes through this country gives us a hint, friendly or otherwise, upon this defect or danger; and any one who shall travel here a month, and keep a journal of the conversation he hears incidentally, will find the word "property" in every line.—Not, indeed, a property of a plant or a mineral, much less of an essence so volatile as mind; but that property which moth and rust may corrupt.—Men's thoughts are not indeed rooted to the soil, they fly about in bank bills or expand into corporation charters—but let them, oh, let them a little more frequently put on more graceful and soaring pinions, even the wings of the morning. The United States of America are happy, or, as it is pithily said, flourishing; but there are other realms still more happy and flourishing in amaranthine bloom; we mean the realms of intellectual life. It will do us no harm to be now and then transplanting hither some of those same amaranths. Let us remember that one of the principal means of knowledge is comparison. Let us learn a little of the state of the human mind under influences unlike those which are acting upon ourselves, and let us not be too hasty in deciding that our own estate is and will be the best, needing no improvement that will not come in the natural course of events. Our estate may be in many respects the best, yet not in all. Happy in the most beneficent institutions that the world has ever yet known, are we in no danger of learning to consider our minds as no more than parts of one great machine, and losing independence of opinion and action? Individual influence must always be the highest, individual effort the greatest furtherer of general improvement. We are not merely springs and wheels, which, when put in certain places and kept oiled, will undoubtedly and undoubtingly do their work and fulfil their destination. No! In each one of us there is a separate principle of vitality, which must be fostered if we would be as trees in the public garden, rich in leaves, blossoms, and perfumed fruit, rather than as dry boards in the public ship-yard, fit only to be hewn, used, and when grown old left to return in rottenness to their native dust.—*Am. Mon. Mag.*

ON A STATUE OF NIOBE.

How wond'rous here the sculptor's art is shown!
Chang'd by the gods when living into stone,
Praxiteles as with the gods at strife
Has from the stone transformed thee into life.

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